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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Bread and Candy

THIS land of the free seems to be mightily in need of regeneration. What's to be done with a nation of 120,000,000 souls which, exclusive of text books, reads, as the *World's Work* tells us, less than one book a year per capita while eating ten dollars worth of candy a person? That it is aware that it is in need of spiritual reorganization is evidenced by the fact that in Chicago has been launched the World-Wide Fasting Movement, "the most basically spiritual movement ever understaken on earth," and designed for the regeneration of the universe. According to its sponsors "the Hypnotizing and Reëducation of the World's Subconscious Mind by Holding the PERFECT VISION during Fasting is a reality." Now, there's a nation for you! It eats more dollars' worth of candies than of mental sustenance and it seeks grace through self-denial. Is salvation to come through fasting or through an immense appetite for reading?

Perhaps the dilemma of the nation is not that it reads too little but that it reads too casually. It is uncharitable to literature in reading only 100,000,000 volumes yearly, but it is endlessly hospitable to print in reading newspapers and periodicals by the millions. It is not that Americans are averse to reading. On the contrary, they are a literate people, with wide-awake intelligences, inquiring minds, and a voracious appetite for information. But, since they are also a people in a hurry, they want a short cut to interest and they find it in the magazines and journals that present so varied a diet for their delectation. It is so much simpler to discover Freudian theories by reading the résumé of some clever journalist, or, at best, of some popular scientist, in the Sunday supplement than to read Freud, and it is so much easier (let alone so much cheaper) to cull the dramatic episodes in the life of some national hero from the articles in the monthlies than to read their biographies or autobiographies, that, in the slang of the day, why he bothered with books instead of periodicals?

Then, too, Americans are a people who are in perpetual motion. Everybody travels, if not by auto, then by train or by boat. Ours is a land of magnificent distances, but it is also a land in which no one deems a hegira the only form of journeying. On business and on pleasure most of the people are traveling some of the time and many of the people much of the time. Since it is easy to start it is also easy to stop, and so journeys are quite as frequently short as long. And if they are short, why take a book? It would seem much more practical to buy a magazine at a railway newsstand which can be discarded at the end of the trip without injury to purse or feelings than a volume which may be too bulky to slip into a tight-packed bag, and is too long to finish at a sitting, and too expensive to throw away. At least so it might have been argued before dollar editions and "libraries" of all sorts became as numerous as they are today. More power to them! May their race increase. They and their ilk, the scattering reprints of standard works at low prices, will yet make a nation of book readers of America.

And in proportion as they do movements for the regeneration of the world by fasting will die out. For the more men read the more they acquire the knowledge and outlook which are the surest touchstone of worth and the most effective safeguard against the errancy of enthusiasms. However, we waste time arguing the value of reading. What is more to the point is to discuss how to divert it from the haphazard and the inconsequential into the purposive and the pregnant. Reading should not be the candy of life but its bread. And one way to make it so is to keep on increasing the number of cheap editions and pocket size volumes, and to vary and amplify the types of books offered for sale on trains and steamboats. If that vast cohort of Americans who are always in transit could find books as conveniently portable as magazines, and sufficiently reasonable to be discarded unfinished when necessary, who knows how the ratio between candy and books might not alter? Somebody ought to try to work out a scale of reading, Mr. Hoover's "yardstick" applied to books, by which railway journeys would have literature apportioned to mileage. The commuters could still have their magazines and the short distance travelers select their anthologies until, turned transcontinental journeyers, they reached their "Forsyte Sagas."

Seville in Summer

By ELIZABETH C. MORROW

THE river is her necklace looped in gold
And opal splendor on that tawny breast;
The saffron sky her scarf; her black eyes hold
Ten centuries of Saracen unrest.

No king rules wholly in her pagan heart:
The saint, the toreador in turn must share
This dark Madonna of Murillo's art,
A scarlet rose for aureole in her hair.

She is the daughter of all lost delight,
All passionate joys an Arab kiss begets;
A thousand gardens make her perfumed night;
Flags are her ribbons, towers her castanets:
Shawled in spring sunshine, to a mad refrain,
Red-heeled, she dances at the door of Spain!

This Week

"Catherine the Great."
Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON.

"The Road to Oregon."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian."
Reviewed by DIATMUID RUSSELL.

"The Mountain Tavern."
Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM.

"The Galaxy."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Fiddler."
Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER.

"Private Papers of James Boswell."
Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE.

Geoffrey Scott: An Appreciation.
By COLONEL RALPH ISHAM.

Some Recent Plays.
Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD.

"Art and Civilization."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

Next Week, or Later

Ineffable Snark.
By H. M. KALLEN.

Stocktaking at Thirty-three

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

I HAVE reached a good station at which to consider what my experience of being a young American writer has to teach me—and perhaps others, if it is as typical as I conceive it. I am thirty-three, with a dozen years of professional writing behind me: there have been four books, a small host of magazine contributions, several courses of literary lectures. I once edited a spasmodic *Tendenz* review: I had my *Wanderjahre* in Europe and received my copy of "Ulysses" fresh from the Imprimerie Darantière as I passed through Dijon on the day of its issue: I have been made game of by editorials in the New York *Times* for my blunt assertions of esthetic revolt. So much for my credentials as a veritable member of the now passing youngest generation.

For I suppose that my identification with the literary youth of America will soon end. Already I have found a youngster or two, at least eight or ten years my junior, declaiming against my criticism, just as I a number of years ago pounced hotly on some of my immediate elders,—Paul Rosenfeld, the editors of the *Dial*, Burton Rascoe, and other well-meaning gentlemen. It is no matter to me now to find myself edging out of the ranks of the newest comers. My lookout is to see that so long as I live I share in the most conscious movements in our current letters—and I rather think I shall.

Well, looking back how much waste and misguidance has there been? What things were not done that should have been done? The form of the question indicates the mood under which I am beginning this paper: I am dissatisfied with my education for authorship. Aha, say the leaderwriters of the daily press, own up now, you have acquired a little sense, you repent of your brash rebellions, your goings-off half-cocked, you see your elders did know better. Not at all, gentlemen, I reply. I am proud, since that was really the choice you offered, that I have been a trumpeter for Waldo Frank, Kenneth Burke, Randolph Bourne, Hart Crane, Robert J. Coady, rather than Hamlin Garland, Brander Matthews, Stuart P. Sherman, Simeon Strunsky, and Isaac F. Marcosson. But why waste time in repartee with newspaper editorial writers?

My generation were the beneficiaries of the work done by James Huneker, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Willard Huntington Wright, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Alfred Kreymborg, Herbert Croly, Max Eastman, Van Wyck Brooks, Eugene O'Neill, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound—many more names crowd upon my pen. With all their differences, these men cleared the ground and fertilized the soil for us to cultivate the art of letters. I mean that they removed many of the local noxious restrictions: they were—the majority of them—crusaders against the impediments to the "creative life" (favorite phrase of theirs) and we grew up less obstructed by Philistine forces and more centralized in the craft-problems of letters. But we need teachers in the craft, and the literary world just above us was a bad tutelary influence. We broke with it and went our ways. Or did we go our own ways? I am afraid that something less tangible but very firm took us in tow. The generation-elect, as we thought we were, is turning out simply to be children of the age, inadequately trained as writers and capable of only short flights.

Let me number our acceptances from the hands of the Time-Spirit, and briefly notice the harm I believe they did to our preparations to be writers. (1) We accepted, as almost everyone does, the doc-

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trine of progress in human life. The latest school in psychology was an advance in human knowledge: anthropology was an advance in knowledge: machines were an advance: letters were advancing. Everywhere there was evolution: we were the heirs of all the ages: therefore take hold of literature at its growing end and advance! We started with *le dernier cri*. One of my generation, for instance, stated that the novel had been almost exhausted near its source by Flaubert, and sought therefore to subtract the logical content that Flaubert used and to write fictions unified only by a logic of form—a development he claimed that was implicit in Flaubert's conflict over esthetics. Well, wherever the various types of writing were heading, there we headed also—and *we were limited to only the obvious potential directions in a given period of literary production.* Or as Malcolm Cowley recently put it, in *Books*, "Nothing was left to ourselves—nothing except to deal with marginal experiences and abnormal cases, or else to say the old things over again with a clever and apologetic twist of our own. Nothing remained except the minor note. . . . So at least it seemed to us at seventeen."

(2) We accepted, consciously or unconsciously, the dogma of the Time-Spirit: it is necessary in our time to be a specialist. That is, we followed our special bent for one or two forms of writing: we encouraged our preferences and took little heed of other possibilities open to our pens. I, for instance, after a preliminary flurry of writing short stories, one-act plays, and barbarous *vers libre*, settled down to critcism. That was my love, and I used to boast truly that I was *one* critic who had not the slightest desire to try any other kind of composition. Yet the paradoxical truth is that one is a better writer, more flexible, more clear about the nature of a given task, more pointed, if one keeps in practice on a variety of forms in addition to the preferred one. But the tradition of fluency in many *genres* has, in spite of the examples of Bennett and Wells, been broken, and the environment collaborated with our inclinations and made the specialized artist the figure that motioned most seductively before our eyes. It is worth noting, in passing, because this will link up with reflections on my first point that current American literature is poverty-stricken in forms. We have no masques (delightful glinting gems of fancy), no one excels in the composition of dialogues, the picaresque novel is extinct with us, and will someone try to do an American "Vanity Fair?" Our literature is narrow, and we, young and old, are narrow specialists.

(3) The third acceptance is related to the second. We adopted with minor reservations the theory of art as expression—if not of America or the age, at least of ourselves. Naturally, this theory favors specialization, or growth only in the directions one likes to grow. The consequences were that we didn't try for an absolute command of the pen: we lost out on range: we lost touch with the reader. The reader had to like us: if he didn't make the effort, be damned to him! Literature as magic compelling the indifferent or hostile reader to come under our power—such a concept never occurred to us. No, we were able to write only on subjects that naturally appealed to us and only in the manner that pleased our vanity: it was even dangerous, some of us thought, to be aware of a specific class of readers because then we would be tempted to "write down" to them.

(4) In accord with the Time-Spirit, we had no grip on the relation between writing and character. We were Bohemian in psychology and acknowledged no discipline but that of writing. We lived —most of us—for the sake of writing: we did not, except in casual verbal professions, write for the sake of living. We scorned the genetic criticism of Van Wyck Brooks not because his instruments were defective but because we repudiated any close relevance between the quality of the texture of a man's existence and the plays, verse, or fiction he penned. And so we strove for harmony, strength, and perfection in letters and—may I be impolite enough to say so?—showed little human dignity in our lives. We tended to put art on an island, isolated in the midst of life.

In these respects the romantic literary world we were entering did not teach us wisely. It so happens that the generation to which I belong has excelled its immediate predecessors. I hesitate to mention names: I may be accused of constituting myself a spokesman for writers who I know regard me with a fishy eye, whereas my report is personal: I believe that definite coloration by the acceptances listed above can be shown in practically all American writers from thirty-five years downwards to the yearlings in *transition* and *Blues*. But I am anxious to make it clear that in my judgment a number of the men who accidentally make up the post-war generation have already exceeded the writers who began to loom up between 1912 and 1918. Wescott and Hemingway, for instance, write more shapely novels, invested in better prose, than do Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, or Floyd Dell. Cummings routs Sandburg in his verse and O'Neill in the drama. Hart Crane is easily one of the best three living poets in America. Yvor Winters has wrought imagism to an intense essence that makes the patterns of Amy Lowell look pallid. In the artistry of the folk-tale, Jean Toomer at the start surpassed Anderson. No one of their elders is a more skilled translator from the French or German than Malcolm Cowley or Kenneth Burke, or surpasses them for observations on technical finesse. Who would not rather read Allen Tate on poetry than Louis Untermeyer? I say nothing of Wilder who, I suspect, has been overestimated, but I am struck by the number of exquisite talents not yet burgeoned among the younger men: I think of Edwin Seaver, William Troy, Hansell Baugh, R. Ellsworth Larsson, Harry Alan Potamkin, John W. Crawford, and a dozen more.

But all this appears to me, when I come right down to it, to be only an improvement upon the second-rate. In the international world of Letters from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" to Gertrude Stein, we must look more like the fledglings of sparrows or perhaps young warblers than a brood of eaglets.

* * *

How do I imagine an immature eagle of the pen would behave in the first ten years of his training as a writer? I do not fancy him worried about a few minor accomplishments; that is for the little birds. It is interesting where he puts his stress: it is on training, not on achievement. He is distinguished by a certain largeness of endeavor. He begins with a book of parodies, which develops both his insight into stylistic mechanics and his flexibility. He writes three or four novels for practise: whether or not they are published is quite another matter. He reviews books. He tries plays: he does a big drawerful of verses: he keeps a journal, writes his autobiography in all probability for his own eyes alone, fills his notebooks with vignettes and epigrams, dredges the dictionary. His correspondence is simply another type of practice writing. Nor does he shy away from or hold journalism in contempt. A seemingly dull trade paper, for him, is an excellent gymnasium for his pen-abilities. In brief, our young eagle is prolific whereas the young writers I have known have been relatively meagre: he is various where we have been restricted. His spirit is not so much "artistic" as it is workmanlike: he wants to master his tools, to learn the nature of himself, his medium, and his readers. In effect, he sets up his own Academy and assiduously teaches himself from the examples of the great magicians of language.

There I strike something. It is weak to blame an environment as I have been doing for one's own shortcomings. The environment may be faulty, but —it seems to me that I have been, and the others I have known and observed have been, essentially *unteachable* in our attitudes. We have been romantic in that. We have lived on the legends of astonishing young men of genius (Rimbaud, Laforgue, Aubrey Beardsley). In subtle ways we have been hypnotized by the crude romantic notion of relatively untutored, spontaneous original genius. We were progressives whose development, we thought, would be accelerated by the laborious victories of the past. We wished to do new things without questioning very much whether we had acquired the power to do old things. Above all, in our conceit we would not be taught—after a mere year or two of prentice work. The fact that there was no qualified dictator is aside the point. Obeying the spirit of the times, we would have fled one had he appeared, no matter how fitted for the office.

The price we have paid for this early independence is to find ourselves now inadequately prepared for the next two or three decades of what should be our mature serious work. If you don't think so, transfer the whole nest of young American writers to the eighteenth century of English literature, put us down in the age of Swift and Dryden, Pope and Fielding and Addison, and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu and Sterne. There would be flashes, but we would not be set for a long competition with the thoroughly trained penmen of this time.

I suspect, too, that our flights will be short and low—no higher and no farther than our immediate forerunners. It is the nature of eagles to soar high and long: they have a biological motive. I have searched a bit for signs among my generation of a motive for a really heroic undertaking: I have tried to see in them symptoms of the gestation of some great project. I have not seen any, to speak of. I find no weight, no scale worth mentioning among the values we profess. Writing on the same group of figures I have in mind, Malcolm Cowley said, "We ourselves have found that most of our philosophical difficulties can be solved, not by philosophy itself, but by living on, by changing one's angle of approach, and often simply by changing one's place." It would be interesting to know about these philosophical difficulties so easily solved. I suspect that they have been petty, that we have drifted along until our minds mechanically changed about them, that we have temporarily soothed ourselves with dubious applications. But perhaps it is too soon to judge our formative values. Time will show whether we have stamina, backbone, intensity of purpose, reach of vision, a standard worthy of a man's whole efforts.

For instance, there is the gigantic business of carrying the English language, notable as it is, into a more perfect stage which we may hope will be called American. There are deficiencies and gaps in this modern English which a sensitive, widely-read linguist can easily point out in comparing it with French and Russian and German. There is also the beginnings of an American speech which may easily become, unless consciously developed, simply a contraction and variation of the resources, already existent, of the mother-tongue. But is it not possible that on the other hand by a tremendous effort "American" could surpass modern English as that surpasses middle English? Who will be the Lyly of the American period, losing none of the rhythms, tonalities, and colors of the preceding phase, but adding to their riches by his lavish coinage of words, phrases, and idioms to suit the new times? Among my contemporaries is there someone dreaming of devoting himself to the actualizing of a perfect language? I have not heard of him, but I hope he exists.

Yet the pursuit of such an aim—several mightier ones can be easily conceived of—would be a specific against repetition, stagnation, ennui, a specific for drawing forth from one all one's powers during the course of an entire writing career.

I am dissatisfied then with my progress and the progress of my generation on two counts: first, because neither the milieu nor ourselves could teach us the necessity for a broad, many-sided professional training, and second, because we have thus far not perceived even in outline any great projects to engage our ambitions. It is perhaps worth saying this to the neophytes of twenty-one now busy imitating Hemingway and Cummings.

One of the most valuable libraries assembled in Peru has been bought intact by Duke University and will be preserved there for all time, making the institution one of the most important depositories of Latin-American history on this continent.

The library, collected by Francesco Perez de Velasco, late bibliophile of Lima, represents the research of more than twenty years and the expenditure of thousands of dollars. It includes 3,000 volumes, old newspapers, government documents, original manuscripts, and pamphlets which, according to historians, cannot be duplicated. Most of the books are in the Spanish language, but Latin and French are included. "The Summary of Accounts of Gold and Silver," a volume published in Mexico in 1556, tells of the enormous stores of precious metals found by the Spaniards. "A Letter of Exhortation and Instruction Against the Idolatry of Indians of the Archbishopric of Lima" is the title of another valuable tome printed in 1667, and previously unknown to American librarians. It was written by Pedro de Villagomez. Still another volume is that concerning the witchcraft of the Peruvian Indians.

There are a series of original documents with the autographs of the Viceroys of Spain, published from 1580 up to the last century. "The Guides of Peru," in 108 volumes, is one of the most treasured sets in the collection, and it is believed to be the only complete set extant.

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A Study in Contrasts

CATHERINE THE GREAT. By KATHERINE ANTHONY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. By GERTRUDE ARETZ. Translated by RUTH PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

THERE was a general drabness to things as the old Régime approached its end. Politics were dynastic and personal. England gained the colonies of Louis XV, Frederick the Great warred against Maria Theresa, and the two last-named rulers connived with another in the miserable parcelings of Poland. Over France, Germany, Austria, and Italy hung the black cloud of the Revolutionary storm. Soon it would break and force monarchs to take notice of it. But, for the moment, they did not seem to be aware of the danger. Like their country, most of them, too, were drab souls.

In Europe, there was only one figure that afforded relief, color, and, even, at times, a refreshing breath of scandal, and that was Catherine of Russia. Perhaps that is why she has received so much attention. This Empress has been done in biography, political history, tragedy, and comedy. But few of these portrayals have displayed the intimate Catherine. This is the principal value of the new life of Catherine the Great by Miss Katherine Anthony. Miss Anthony has selected an old and worn subject, but she has breathed new life into it. Her study of Russia's greatest Empress does not disclose any particularly new and startling facts, but it presents a complete and harmonious picture. While it cannot be called a critical or scholarly work, it has the virtue of liveliness and a certain originality. Miss Anthony is well aware of the fact that, in her heroine's life, loves and hatreds and land grabbings were not the only themes.

* * *

By her family and her intimates the future Empress of Russia was known by the name of Fike. It is shocking to discover that she was regarded as the ugly duckling of a great brood of minor German princesses to whom she was more or less closely related. Fike was the darling of her easy-going general of a father, but she was, at first, neglected by her handsome, overbearing mother, Princess Joanna. That lady was obsessed with a burning desire to climb the social ladder to more princely prominence. There were too many small princesses in Germany. The fact that she was only of the petty house of Holstein-Gottorp, and had been married to a good-natured, poverty-stricken Prince Christian of Anhalt-Zerbst annoyed Joanna. . She would rise to greater glory through her children. With what money she had, she traveled frantically from German court to German court, shining in spite of her poverty. Sometimes the little Fike accompanied her. When she did, she was usually neglected. More frequently, the child was left to the mercies of an ignorant physician who tried to straighten her spine; and to the care of a French governess, named Cartel, who was supposed to curb her wilful ways and to straighten out her ideas. Often, however, Mademoiselle Cartel gave the latter a twist of which Princess Joanna would not have approved, had she taken the trouble to investigate the matter. The governess was liberal to the core, and her group of "arch-heretics" planted their seeds in the mind of young Catherine. In this fashion, Fike was prepared, at an early age, to enter into the intellectual heritage of the eighteenth century. Evidently, she took her initiation seriously, for she soon began to sharpen her young wits by befuddling her orthodox old Pastor Wagner who prayed for, but despaired of, the salvation of her soul.

Intellectually, Fike was precocious. She was equally "advanced" in other ways. At the tender age of seven, she began to think of marriage; but, she declared, there must be a crown in it somewhere. Her mother, the ambitious Joanna, agreed with her; and, only eight years later, that lady set out on her hunt for a son-in-law.

Her highest expectations were fulfilled when political circumstances, the desires of Frederick the Great, and the wish of Empress Elizabeth of Russia to provide a wife for her newly-found heir, combined to bring the candidacy of the little princess of Anhalt-Zerbst to the fore. Princess Joanna did not lose a moment; the argument of cousinship between herself and Elizabeth, and the gift of a much desired portrait to the Empress sealed the bond. Fike's career was made. Almost before Prince Christian knew of the proposal, his wife and daughter were off to Russia.

So great was the haste of the ambitious Joanna, that she neglected to provide her daughter with a trousseau. But a sleighful of brocades and sables, the gift of the eager Elizabeth, consoled the young princess for this oversight on the part of her mother. The arrival in Russia was a glorious adventure, the gayety and glamor of which at first prevented the young fiancée from realizing that she had become the pawn of three alien forces, her mother's social ambitions, Prussia's desire for alliance, and Elizabeth's impatience for a "grandson." When her conversion to the Holy Orthodox Faith (and that was quickly done) was accomplished, the last obstacle to the marriage was removed. When Fike became Catherine, the Voltarian became Orthodox and swore to uphold the most autocratic of all régimes of the eighteenth century. It is not without significance that Catherine later compared herself with Henry IV!

Thus far, life had been a rather exciting and delightful adventure but, following the marriage, the serious business of life began. The jealousies and quarrels with Elizabeth, the vagaries, incompetence, and impotence of her young husband, court cabals, homesickness—and the crown almost lost. And then, a son was born. Although the child was not the offspring of her husband, Catherine's child was proclaimed the heir. Her position was, at last, se-

RUSSIAN PEOPLE IN THE GRIP OF AUTOCRACY
From the reproduction from a pre-revolutionary magazine of which scarcely twenty copies reached the public in Moissoye J. Olgin's "The Soul of the Russian Revolution" (Holt).

cure. Empress Elizabeth was happy and pretended that she had a "grandson." Catherine had found her first lover.

These were the influences that molded Fike, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, into Catherine the Great ruler, consenter to her husband's death, liberal autocrat, and lover. From the day of her child's birth, it is the tale of forging ahead from power to greater power. It has its disgusting side, this story; but yet, through it all, there was the fine, strong strain of a determination to win at all cost. Without the Revolution of 1762 there would not have come wars, Poland, and prosperity. And Catherine did win and, through her, Russia also. She understood thoroughly the necessity of winning the approbation of Europe for herself and for Russia. She tried to reform the government, establish public education, and popularize the latest practices to maintain public health.

In 1796, Catherine, the Empress, died. An old woman, she wrote for herself an epitaph that was never inscribed on her tomb. There are phrases in it that show us the truth of Miss Anthony's contention that the great Empress was still the Princess Fike of Anhalt-Zerbst. Of herself, the aged Catherine wrote: "She was good-natured, easy-going; was of cheerful temperament, republican sentiments, and a kind heart. She had friends. Work came easily to her: she loved sociability and the arts." Such words should, indeed, have graced the tomb of the greatest benevolent despot of the eighteenth century.

If Catherine is the greatest Queen of the eighteenth century, Louise of Prussia is the heroic queen of the succeeding time. When Catherine was dying, Louise was beginning to shine in the German courts. Like her great predecessor, the Prussian Queen began life as a portionless princess. Like Catherine, she was known for her love of pleasure and entertainment; but unlike Catherine, Louise was never feared and was always loved except by one man and the nation that he held under his heel. Louise, too, has figured in most of the histories that relate her times, but much that has been written of her has been inspired by nationalistic sentiments in which there has been too much praise, or by political hatreds in which she has not received her just due.

Fräulein Aretz, the author of her most recent biography, has purposed to write an unbiased story. To all appearances, she has succeeded. Her treatment is moderate in tone, her judgment is carefully weighed, and is supported by all the available and reliable source material. The task that Fräulein Aretz has given herself is not an easy one for the political background is intricate and confused; a web of Prussian chicaneries, party rivalries, and Napoleonic blunders. And yet, the story emerges clear and distinct, and the figure of Louise stands out life-like and brilliant, her courage in contrast to the hesitations of her consort, her brightness against the cold, severe, formal life of the miserable court at Berlin. And, in the midst of it, the young Princess and then Queen, romantic and yet loyal, beloved by her subjects, and adored, in his strange fashion, by her ponderous husband. Upon the accession of Frederick William III, life became for the Queen full and active. She entered at once into the public affairs of Prussia. With liberals, patriots, and reformers, she studied and discussed plans for establishing her country's improvement and security. She became the friend of Stein, Scharnhorst, and Hardenberg—the genius or center for a national revival. She professed a sort of idealistic liberalism. In fact, it was this and her romantic tendencies that led her to the one great error of judgment that she ever made. She was attracted to that great chameleon of Liberty and Progress, Alexander I, Czar of Russia. Her faith in him, she declared, was unshakable. And, as the French war-clouds became more threatening, she set to work to bind her country and his into an alliance that was to destroy the Napoleonic monster. When her husband feared to speak, it was Louise who urged him on, and gave him the force to make his rather pitiable shows of courage. She loved Frederick Wilhelm III and was loyal to him, but it was in Alexander that she saw her true friend and the safety of her country.

* * *

When the hard days of 1805-1806 came, the Queen of Prussia still trusted the Czar, and strengthened the weakness of her timid and uncertain husband. Finally, however, the French monster came up from his victories in Austria, and began the conquest of the north. In 1807, Napoleon not only defeated Prussia; he also broke through the exclusive friendship of Louise and Alexander. At Tilsit, the Czar forgot his fair ally and her needs. He became blinded by the brilliance of Napoleon's power.

1807 also began the calvary of the Prussian Queen. Undaunted, she supported Prussia's real leaders against Frederick William's wavering courage and his ill-advised counselors. Finally, she was persuaded to beard the monster himself. When her intention became known, Talleyrand trembled for Napoleon. Perhaps, as well, Napoleon trembled for himself. A Catherine of Russia would have been more to his liking; the steadfastness and gentleness of Louise might disarm him. Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia met at Tilsit, and Louise failed; although, at one moment, she had almost persuaded the victor to grant her country more merciful terms. Prussia was humiliated and mutilated, and the heart of Louise was crushed.

Unlike Catherine, this second portionless princess of Germany did not presume to write her own epitaph. She foretold, however, to a friend what posterity would say of her: "She suffered much and was courageous in her suffering." One has only to look at the delicate figure of the Queen on her tomb at Charlottenburg to realize the truth of her suffering, nobility, and courage. Like Catherine, she had her friends; but unlike Catherine, there was never a breath of scandal about her.

"Queen Louise of Prussia" is a book well worth reading. In conclusion, a word of praise should be given to Miss Ruth Putnam for her admirable translation.

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Beyond the Mississippi

THE ROAD TO OREGON. By W. J. GHENT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $5.
TRAILS, RAILS, AND WAR. THE LIFE OF GENERAL G. M. DODGE. By J. B. PERKINS. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN these two volumes, which supplement each other, we have valuable additions to the literature of Western history. Mr. Ghent gives us the first comprehensive history of the old Oregon trail; the trail that was blazed by Ashley and other fur-traders through the South Pass in the 'twenties, that was taken by missionaries to Oregon in the 'thirties, that became famous as the path of the great emigration to the valley of the Columbia in the 'forties, that was used by so many of the gold-hunters at the end of the decade, and that was made famous by Parkman's book of 1848. Mr. Perkins has narrated from manuscript materials the life of the builder of the Union Pacific, a railroad whose completion all but terminated the usefulness of the old trail. The transcontinental line was finished in 1869. Thereafter a few covered wagons crawled along the old course, but the greatest part of the travel to the Pacific poured over the steel rails laid by General Dodge.

No other road in American history, not even the Cumberland Road or Santa Fé Trail, holds a place like that occupied by the Oregon Trail. It was the longest of them all—the Wilderness Road was a brief affair by comparison. It was the most difficult of them all. Its place in the political history of the nation is by far the greatest. It was the migration along the Oregon trail which gave us the Oregon Territory when England seemed likely to gain it entire; the same early migration, sending a subordinate stream south into California, furnished the weight which under Stockton and Frémont conquered that province at the outbreak of the Mexican War. No other trail has had so picturesque a history. In the days of the first caravans the travelers faced the extremes of peril and hardship—hostile Indians, thirst, hunger, heartbreaking toil. Those were fortunate who suffered no more than the pioneers described by Jesse Applegate, from whose classic "Day With the Cow-Column of 1843" Mr. Ghent quotes at length. But in the time of the 'forty-niners the Oregon Trail had become one of the most crowded of highways. Most of the gold rush poured out to the coast along it; in April of 1849 some 20,000 persons camped at its eastern termini on the Missouri, while by the end of May nearly 3,000 wagons were scattered along its length. The traveler, wrote Bayard Taylor, could journey 1,000 miles as certain of lodging and regular meals as if he were riding through the best-settled parts of the Eastern States.

* * *

Mr. Ghent has given us an interesting and accurate account of the trail in all its main relations to American history. That is, he treats of the early Oregon settlements, of the work of Marcus Whitman (whom he champions against E. G. Bourne and other critics), of the Mormon trail and the Mormon migrations, of the Mountain Meadows massacre, of the gold hunters, of the pony express and the overland stage, of the vicissitudes of Civil War times, of the Indian fighting just after the war, and of the building of the first railways and the decline of the trail. It is a stirring story, told for the most part in vivid style. There is not a great deal in it, to be sure, that is strictly new; but all the available materials are gathered up by an expert hand. Western history is no field for the amateur, and it is seldom that in a bewildering array of facts regarding the fur trade, the first explorations, the early settlements, and the variations of the trails at different dates, Mr. Ghent's statements can even momentarily be questioned. It is perhaps unfortunate that he does not give a little more attention to the trail after it entered the confines of Oregon; he seems to underestimate the strength of mere land-hunger (as distinguished from political and religious motives) in the settlement of the Oregon country. After all, the appetite for 640 acres in a region pictured as flowing with milk and honey does more to explain the migration than anything else. But the book as a whole is well-planned, extremely well written, and—it should be noted—well illustrated.

Though several histories of the Union Pacific railroad have been published, Mr. Perkins succeeds in throwing much new light on the planning, the financing, and the construction of that line. General Grenville M. Dodge was for more than one reason absolutely indispensable to the first transcontinental. Experienced both as a surveyor of railway routes and as an Indian fighter, he knew far more about the country between the Missouri River and the Great Salt Lake than any other engineer. His organizing capacity rendered him able to build and to fight at the same time. Not least important, he had the friendship and confidence of the man who became President of the United States in the year that the Union Pacific was completed and before the final spikes were driven—Ulysses S. Grant, his old Civil War comrade. There came a moment when this friendship stood both Dodge and the Union Pacific in good stead. Mr. Perkins has told skilfully and clearly his story of Civil War campaigning, of Indian fighting, of the construction of the Union Pacific in Utah, and of the great *coup* when Grant, true to his friendship with Dodge, annulled an appropriation of $1,400,000 which his predecessor Andrew Johnson had authorized to be paid to the Central Pacific, the California rival of the Union Pacific. Dodge's later connection with the intricate record of railway financing and building in the Southwest is also elucidated; and there is much incidental material upon the history of Council Bluffs—General Dodge's home—and Omaha. The book is a genuine addition to our political, our military, and our railway history.

"Tay Pay"

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN. By the RT. HON. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 1929. $10.

Reviewed by DIETMUID RUSSELL

IT was, I suppose, almost inevitable, when Mr. T. P. O'Connor was writing his memoirs, that he should have given most of his attention to that amazing and mysterious figure in Irish politics, Charles Stewart Parnell. T. P.'s first election in Parliament in 1880 coincided with the election of Parnell to the leadership of the Irish Nationalist Party on May 17th of the same year. Up to this period T. P. had spent his life and earned his living in the arduous pursuit of journalism and his sole claim to any sort of prominence was a biography of Lord Beaconsfield which was published in 1879. It was a violent and even passionate indictment of Disraeli and an advance of money from its publisher gave T. P. his election funds. So came to the English Parliament a young Irishman who was to see the Irish Party under Parnell's leadership rise to almost inconceivable heights of power and domination and sink with Parnell's death to comparative insignificance.

He himself was to become a member of that small, resolute, and indomitable party who thwarted, blocked, and obstructed the Government on every possible occasion. In the end he was to last longer in Parliament than any and to gain the respect of his fellow-members with the affectionate title of "The Father of the House." It is ironical that it should be given to an Irishman, once a member of that stormy Parnell band. These memoirs he has now written are personally modest. Mr. O'Connor writes little about himself and what he writes about other people is singularly free from the bias and bitterness we are accustomed to from Irishmen looking back over the past. Time can usually quiet most feelings but in Ireland tradition can still arouse anger, and forty or fifty years back to the time of Parnell is no distance to people who can still speak with passion of events occurring many years before Parnell was born.

Many may think Mr. O'Connor might better have devoted less space to Parnell and more to other personalities. But Parnell was the big Irish figure of that period and if he has been written about by many before, it is none the less interesting to have an account from a contemporary who knew him and worked with him. A study of that mysterious and magnetic man can never fail to interest Irishmen and there must still be many Americans who remember his visits to this country and who will be interested to read T. P.'s account. It is a curious fact how Parnell, on the surface a man of no great gifts, was able, by some internal heat of personality, to weld the Nationalist Party together and attract from them and the Irish people such intense respect and affection. Katharine Tynan, whom T. P. quotes, gave an account of the Rotunda meeting at Dublin in 1890:

> Then the cheering began, and we craned our necks and looked on eagerly, and there was the tall, slender, distinguished figure of the Irish leader making its way across the platform. I don't think any words could do justice to his reception. The house rose at him; everywhere around there was a sea of passionate faces, loving, admiring, almost worshipping that silent, pale man.

This adoration seems incomprehensible to a generation not of that period and even Mr. O'Connor, with all his opportunities for analysis of character can do little to make us understand. Parnell was evidently not a great orator. Mr. O'Connor says: "With no special powers of speech, except in moments of great passion and emergency, Parnell was usually a dreary and a costive speaker."

It becomes very difficult to evolve any idea whence came the power that affected so greatly contemporary opinion and gave him the name of "The Uncrowned King." In response to Lord Rosebery who wished to know the secret of Parnell's popularity, all T. P. could say was "Personality," and if this is the only adequate explanation, it is an unsatisfactory one to those who never knew him. I believe myself there is another. T. P. says about the seizure of *United Ireland* in 1890 that it showed "Parnell to be what, at bottom he really was—namely a man of desperate and reckless ambition." And from this I begin to visualize Parnell as a man with a single idea, "Irish Nationalism," and for this he was prepared to sacrifice himself and if needs be everybody else. Amongst changeable Irish temperaments he alone had this idea rigidly and determinedly fixed and sharpened as a spear-point to attack the English Government. Others in the Irish Party might have wielded the same spear, but none could have kept it so firmly fixed to its aim or so keenly pointed as the obdurate Parnell "behind whose impassive exterior," as T. P. acutely points out, there lay "a volcanic energy and also a ruthless determination."

Of Parnell's relation with Mrs. O'Shea, of the consequent split in the Irish Party, and of his death I make no mention. They are here in these memoirs for all to read and with them many other famous names of whom I have not spoken can be found. The marvellous Gladstone and bitter-tongued Tim Healy are here. Redmond and Dillon, "Buckshot" Foster and Carey the informer, "Chinese" Gordon and Joseph Chamberlain, and also a little about the early life of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Here also will be found an account of the foundation of *The Star* newspaper by Mr. O'Connor which cost him as much trouble and fatigue that he eventually sold out his interest for £15,000 and as he mournfully remarks, if he had only stayed, he would now be making twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds a year out of it. For all these things Mr. O'Connor has an acute and observing eye. Parliamentarian as he has been and is, he is also a journalist and a good journalist. If those volumes are interesting to Irishmen on account of their subject, to others not so interested in Parnell and Irish politics, they will be made easier reading on account of the flexible and descriptive pen of journalism which T. P. O'Connor handles so well. These memoirs, I think will be invaluable to many people. "The Father of the House" has done his work well.

The manuscript of Bernard Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell," of which only eight and a half pages are in the author's handwriting, has been sold for £1,200.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Irish Stories

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

THE first thing we note about the stories in this volume is the real descriptive power that they have: the writer can describe a man riding through a wild mountain pass in the rain, or fishermen desperately rowing from an overwhelming sea, in a way that gives us the impact of the hoof on the ground or the oar in the wave. But he is by no means a master of the inner world: his psychology is simplified; the men and women whom he puts before us have only a single emotion; often enough they do not possess, but are possessed by it. This Irish writer frequently gives us the impression that he is dealing with a people irredeemably savage. Another teller of Irish stories, Peadar O'Donnell, deals like Liam O'Flaherty, with the farmers and fishers of the outlands, but he does not give us the impression, as the writer of "The Mountain Tavern" often does, that they are people abandoned to their own wild wills. And yet, in spite of the violence which seems to be an obsession with him, Liam O'Flaherty often gives us the impression that, amongst all the Irish prose writers, he is the one who has discovered a beautiful way of writing about elemental people: we have this impression in the story called "Red Barbara" and again in "The Fairy Goose." Not all his stories are about men and women: he writes about animals, too—the birth of a calf, the nesting of blackbirds, a young bull taking possession of a field, a rabbit and the strange tricks it gets to know. Oddly enough, it is when he writes about animals that Liam O'Flaherty is most humane: the young cow in "Birth" is treated more sympathetically than the young woman in "The Ditch"—the cow in her travail has some nobility, but the woman is left with none.

An attentive reader will realize that in spite of this violence that he puts into so many of his stories, Liam O'Flaherty is essentially a writer of idylls—sometimes, of mournful idylls. He can always create an atmosphere proper to the idyll:

> On a stone by the cup-shaped well a young woman sat, drawing water. She scooped out the water with a ringing sound until the cup was empty. Then she waited until it filled again from the white fountain. As she waited, she watched her little child, who played in the pool, wading among cresses. She smiled happily, watching him.

His domination by the dull, savage, self-will that is in most of his people, comes out of hatred of it: he has the bias of an artist living amongst an elemental people who cannot understand what he is trying to do. A story called "The Child of God" shows us this. It is about a painter who goes back to the village he has been brought up in and who, with great delight, paints a scene of village debauch. The villagers are horrified, and the priest banishes him. At the end of the story the mother of the painter is left in her lonely house:

> Dusk was falling. Night was falling like a shroud of peace over the heated earth, to pour fresh sap and vigor into the powers of nature, refreshing dew and sleep. But for her there was no night. For ever and for ever she would long in vain for the little one whose naked baby toes she had fondled, to whom she crooned, whose wondering eyes had looked into hers, with the first wondering infant love for the mother at whose breast it fed. For ever and for ever, even through eternity, where damned souls cry out in anguish, he would be lost to her. Lost for ever.

He sees all exceptional forms of life threatened by dull, habitual forces. In "The Black Rabbit," it is said of the creature:

> If compared to a dog or a kitten there was nothing uncanny about him, but compared to other animals of his own species, he was undoubtedly a sport of nature, a sudden upward curve in the direction of perfection and divine intellect, indeed, he was like the first monkey that became inspired with a vision of humanity. And just as all things that become suddenly different and more beautiful than the common herd inspire hatred and fear in the ignorant, so this beautiful, intelligent, black rabbit became the hated enemy of the house-keeper.

The most powerful stories in the collection are "The Painted Woman," "The Mountain Tavern," "The Strange Disease" (which tells of a priest coming to the assistance of a man in a wild village, and learning that what ails him is love), "Red Barbara," "The Child of God," and "The Fairy Goose." There are some stories in the book that do not achieve distinction—stories in which Liam O'Flaherty deals with people of the city, "The Fall of Joseph Timmins" and "The Sinner." "The "Alien Skull," story of a man in the trenches, is not above the ordinary. But when we have read all that is in "The Mountain Tavern," we turn back and read once more many passages that are like this —it happens to be the opening of the book:—

> One lone star was following a little half moon across an open space in the dark sky. All round, the firmament was full of sagging clouds. Some were black with hanging tails of rain that fell in far-off lands. Others were pale with the light of waning day. The stark earth was swept by a bitter wind. The dying light of the hidden sun lay brown upon its back, like the shroud upon a corpse. Yet birds were singing in the wintry dusk. They smelt some tender current in the bitter air, telling them spring was coming with sunlight and with flowers; as if a strange spirit passed upon the wind over the bleak rocks and naked fields, whispering: "Soon. Soon now. Lambs are kicking in the womb."

A Human Panorama

THE GALAXY. By SUSAN ERTZ. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

DESPITE its title, "The Galaxy" is a panorama not of the heavens but of the earth. England at the slow turn of the century is the vantage ground from which the reader watches the scenes unroll. The years move by very slowly at first as if time itself were in league with an old Queen loath to die, but soon, with all the machines of man accelerating his comings and goings, the years begin to crowd one another, too, hurrying on blindly to the shattering impact of those four fantastic years, 1914-1918. After the war? Time again, moving on, but divided against itself,—so many blind alleys of beginnings that can never know endings, and other beginnings that flash into completion in the drawing of a breath.

Out of this long erratic time sequence Susan Ertz's novel is compounded; but without confusion, for it is a novel that would have been called a novel twenty-five years ago. Upon the formlessness of life as it presents itself Miss Ertz has imposed a pattern. There is no helter-skelter, cross-of-life material or stream of consciousness technique here. Selection and arrangement have given to "The Galaxy" a strongly defined structual unity. Within the confines of the plot the characters move easily, the story runs along uninterruptedly but neither ever oversteps the boundaries. For those who are tired of the amorphous novel, or who never liked it, this will seem refreshing order; for others it will seem a little artificial in its tidiness.

Opening the book is like opening a door into a Victorian parlor. The very flavor of a period is within,—walls hidden behind paper, floors hidden under carpets, emotions hidden by manners, and doubts almost hidden beneath the revealed word. Into such a household Laura Alicia Devell was born in the year 1862. Laura's story might almost be told by the three households in which she spent her life. The first was dominated by her father, Harry Deverell, who had done his duty by his wild oats before marriage and, save for an occasional visit to a hanging with old companions, occupied himself after marriage with being the complete Husband and Father. His word became law. His wife (by grace of a plump shoulder in girlhood) never thought to question the law. The two children did. The section of the book dealing with the childhood of Laura and her brother is by far the best in the book. The turgid, air-tight, sentimental atmosphere spreads from the pages like a heavy, enervating fog. This childhood ends in the brother being cast off because he insists upon talking with a free-thinking old tutor of his. Later Laura too is disowned by her father because she selects a fiancé on her own responsibility.

Laura's second household is dominated by her husband. Inexperienced, romantically in love, she holds her husband just as long as the bright armor of her admiration shows no chink. With her first suspicion that he may be less than perfection, her hold on him loosens a little—by the time she sees him as he is, he has long since sought adulation, and less spiritual solace, elsewhere. Laura lives the humiliating life of a woman whose husband has many mistresses.

And the third household that claims Laura is one outside the conventions. But before this stability is reached she has been forced into a long and furtive liaison with her German lover, Sendler. Here again the book rises from its level to encompass a period,—what wraiths of other times are raised by Sendler's proposal to Laura that she be, not his love, but, quite formally, his "mistress." After years of hurried meetings in Sendler's flat (her veil pulled down at partings) and hurried returns to her children, with always that feeling of having been watched, Laura sees her children old enough to lead lives of their own and her husband estranged beyond all chance of reconciliation, so she goes at last openly and happily to let this third man dominate her life. There is more to "The Galaxy" than this but it is, after all, her life with these three men that tells Laura's story.

Under Strain

THE FIDDLER. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

MRS. MILLIN is a novelist who combines competence and art somewhat too well to be widely popular, but her novels have never failed of welcome from the critical. One could select any number of reasons why her writing is neither spectacular nor soothing, but I should like to suggest that the chief of them is her refusal to make her characters mechanically rational and consistent. She will not have her men very different from her women, and she consistently makes both more humane and less absolute in their thoughts and actions than most novelists find it convenient to do. In this novel, for instance, a retired sea-captain and his wife, who have gone far from the sea to Swaziland to end their lives, are not greatly moved by the adultery and murder to which a strange couple stumbling into their farm-house from the wilds confess. Moreover, they quite unconventionally arrange to defend the confessed murderer and restore the erring wife to a husband who loves her deeply enough to take her back even while she carries another man's child. There is not enough moral indignation or ordinarily predictable action in such a novel to commend it to the majority of the novel-reading public.

This is a simple tale. In Portuguese East Africa, a second-rate violinist, a traitor to his own best capacity, weakly introspective and self-dramatizing, in perpetual need of someone, preferably a woman, with whom to share his emotions, involves the wife of a decent, unromantic planter in his fatuous fumbling with life. It is not that she is deceived by him. She learns his unstable character and knows how he clings to the ultimate secure anchorage of a wife and family in England, she detects his weak cruelty, and yet, for the sake of a reality he has aroused in her own strong personality, she persuades him to run away with her to Johannesburg by motor. He had planned merely a satisfyingly tragic and memorable goodbye. They share one night, but the next day their brutal Portuguese chauffeur tries to use their dependence on him to secure more pay than they had contracted for. Bitterly provocative action on his part makes the violinist shoot him. After great hardships the pair reach white people, confess, and after arranging with their hosts a perjured case of self defence, submit to justice. Stern circumstance breaks the fiddler, and leaves his accomplice scarred but strong.

Telling the tale will spoil the book for no one who would anyway enjoy it, for the rewards are to be found in other ways, as for instance, in the easy but never trite revelation of how human beings behave under strain. One has to admire also the intricate, but balanced pattern made of four lives and characters, two active in the story and two dominating the backgrounds of the actors. This book is not so full as were its predecessors of apt analogies to illuminate shrewd psychology, it is occasionally a little mannered in its writing, and irony and pity are rather too pendulum-like in it for the highest art. Yet almost every critical reader of it, will, if he has not already done so, look up Mrs. Millin's earlier novels. On the whole, he will find them slightly better.

One of the most necessary adjuncts of Western civilization—the typewriter—will soon make its way into Turkish offices and replace the native writing materials, the stylus and the delicate camel's hair brush. Three thousand typewriters equipped with keyboards of the new Turkish Latinized alphabet, introduced by President Mustapha Kemal, the East's greatest advocate of Western customs, were recently shipped from New York to Turkey.

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Malone and Boswell

PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE, IN THE COLLECTION OF LT. COLONEL RALPH HEYWARD ISHAM. Prepared for the Press by GEOFFREY SCOTT, and now first printed. Volume 6. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1929.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

COLONEL ISHAM and the late Mr. Scott paused in the strict chronological sequence of the Malahide papers to present in volume six a study which they knew to be awaited with impatience. What light do the papers cast on the making of the "Life of Johnson?" The answer is given in a book which is a model of literary scholarship, and will probably cause the revision of more established views concerning Boswell than any other volume in the series. In the first place, Mr. Scott tells us that henceforth we must give up the notion that Boswell habitually carried a notebook in his pocket and took down Johnson's conversations on the spot. He may have done so on a few occasions, certainly not on many. In fact, with the sole exception of one small pocket notebook in the possession of Mr. Adam, there is nothing to show that he ever stored his Johnsonian materials in separate books appropriated for the purpose. His Johnsonian record turns out to have been in the main no more nor less than his private journal, in which the passages dealing with Johnson are given no special prominence. And his method of keeping this journal is a little disquieting.

It is no orderly account like Pepys's, fully written out each night or on the day following the events recorded. Boswell tried each night to set down hurriedly on a scrap of paper—usually a loose scrap—a highly abbreviated record which would serve as a kind of shorthand to enable him afterwards to recall the events of the day. Then, some time later (often a month and frequently after a longer interval) he would sit down with these lists of cues and write out his journal in full, thereafter destroying the original notes. For many long periods he found no time to write out the journal; indeed, for other long stretches he seems to have failed even to keep the abbreviated record. When he came to write the "Life of Johnson," he had before him considerable sequences of the elaborated journal, masses of the unexpanded diary, some documents which he calls "papers apart" (which seem to represent occasional attempts to fix certain scenes by writing them up in advance of the full journal), and a great collection of letters and other memorabilia collected from many sources. From these he made a preliminary draft on quarto sheets of uniform size, attaching to it many insertions, such as letters. With the journals again before him, he later subjected his first draft to revision (or, as he calls it, "nice correction"), without transcribing it, making his emendations between the lines and on the backs of adjacent sheets. It looks as though the manuscript may even have gone to the printer in this condition, but we cannot be certain until we know more about the way in which eighteenth century printers treated copy—a subject that has not been sufficiently studied.

* * *

The journals show Malone to have entered on the scene much earlier than has been supposed, and to have been more nearly indispensable. We knew that he helped Boswell in revising the second edition of the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," and gave him much advice and encouragement in the composition of the "Life." The journal of 1785 now shows, first, that there was much more manipulation of the original diary which Boswell kept on the Tour than would naturally be inferred from his published statements, and, secondly, that practically all this work of revision was done in Malone's company, Boswell otherwise seeming able to get nothing done. He was not the man he had been in 1767 when he buoyantly tossed off so much literary work. Mr. Scott finds "a discernable menace of madness" in the Utrecht journal as early as 1763. The hypochondria of which Boswell complained so bitterly all his life was no affectation; it was a dreadful recurring melancholia amounting at times to positive derangement. In his later years its effect was a sort of moral paralysis and tearful irresolution. He had all his materials, but he could not get himself started. Malone, who saw that he needed "moral support, rather than intellectual or artistic guidance" cheerfully and unobtrusively set about salvaging this precious cargo. When the "Tour" appeared, he allowed Boswell to give him no public credit for his assistance. "His abrupt intervention and (from that date) unswerving devotion, and the natural gesture of his self-effacement here and in the 'Life,' are among the most graceful episodes in the history of English letters." Colonel Isham has done well to dedicate this first edition of the Boswell Papers to the memory of Edmond Malone.

GEOFFREY SCOTT

Geoffrey Scott*

By COLONEL RALPH H. ISHAM

I HAVE always thought there was something strangely fatalistic about my meeting with Geoffrey Scott.

On the day, in late August, 1927, when I returned to London with James Boswell's papers from Malahide, I took it into my head, for no apparent reason, to lunch at Simpsons in the Strand. I had not been there in perhaps five years. As my wife and I were leaving, an excited hand was clapped on my shoulder and I was wheeled around to face my old friend, A. Edward Newton, who had only returned that day from his travels on the continent. I told him of my good fortune at Malahide and, ardent Boswellian that he is, his excitement was as keen as his desire to view the papers at the earliest possible moment. We fixed upon dinner that night in my rooms at Claridge's, where, with the papers waiting to be seen, I am afraid dinner was a tedious ceremony for both of us.

In the small hours, after their perusal, we sat back and considered, silently. At last Newton said "It's a great responsibility. What are you going to do with them?" I said "Obviously, publish them." He asked me whom I would ask to prepare and edit them. I was undecided. After a moment he said "Of course you have read the "Portrait of Zélide," by Geoffrey Scott. That, my friend, is one of the most exquisite books in the English language."

Then and there it lept to my mind that Geoffrey Scott was the ideal man for this work. He would bring to it both genius and scholarship. But how to find him? Neither Newton nor I had ever met him, nor had we the slightest idea as to his whereabouts. Both of us had a notion that he was living in Italy and was probably highly unobtainable.

In point of fact Geoffrey Scott had been living in London for some time. He had long had it in his mind to write a Life of Boswell and the publishers of the "British Men of Letters" series had proposed that he write it for them. From time to time he had visited his friend Mr. J. G. Wilson, the bookseller in London, and Mr. Wilson had invariably asked him how he was getting on with the projected work, and it had become a standing joke with them, Geoffrey having done little, for the reason that he had learned of the existence of the papers at Malahide and had decided not to proceed with his Life until they had been revealed.

Two days after my evening with Mr. Newton, a sudden urge came over me to call on Mr. Wilson. I dropped work and went. I told him of my acquisition. He popped with excitement and said "I wish you had been in here fifteen minutes earlier. Geoffrey Scott was here then." It was incredible. In a very few minutes he had Geoffrey on the telephone, introduced me to him over it, and I told him the Boswell "news." At this moment I had my first glimpse of his brilliant enthusiasm.

He dined with us that night. I was much impressed by his erudition, his vivid conversation, and by his romantic appearance. He was of great height and heavy build. His head was large and fine, his face sensitive,—at times beautiful in expression. His black hair, which he wore long, was vigorous and untidy. His manner was gentle and sympathetic.

We sat up all that night in our eagerness to get a full idea of the importance of the treasures we were examining. In late dawn he taxied home for a change of clothes. He was back soon. That day I pressed him to come to live at Claridge's where he would be closer to the papers. From that time until my sailing in mid-September we were scarcely separated during our waking hours. By that time we had made plans. He was to come to America to edit the papers as soon as his personal affairs could be arranged.

He came to live with us on Long Island in October. He commenced work almost immediately and became completely absorbed in his intellectual activities,—and charmingly absentminded about every thing else. It soon became difficult to persuade him to leave his work long enough for exercise or recreation.

His usual method was to write or dictate during the day, which began for him about ten o'clock. When the secretaries had gone he would write on until the last moment before dinner. If it was a family dinner the work would be discussed and he would tell us eagerly of progress and discoveries. After dinner we customarily went straight to the library, from which Boswell seldom let us emerge before morning hours.

Geoffrey's intensive work continued for twenty-one months, mostly here and for a short period in New York. At the end of this time he had established all the text, completed the first six volumes of the Papers, and planned out the arrangement of the remainder. He then went abroad for a two month's holiday.

He returned on the 4th of August full of optimism and apparently in the most excellent health. He was pleased and encouraged by the recognition that his work had received and by the news, upon his arrival, that the serial rights for his projected "Life of Boswell," so long postponed, had been arranged for at terms which proved how much his talents were appreciated. We had already met and had enthusiastically discussed the continuation of the work when, on August 7th he fell ill of pneumonia. After a seven days battle, during which he never relinquished the conviction that he would recover, he passed into unconsciousness and died.

His mental activity was prodigious; his physical energy slight. He wrote with labor; in part because he set a high standard for himself, in part because he was sensitive to sound, in part because he allowed himself the least number of words. He was always striving for perfection.

In him was a touch of mysticism, unsatisfied, suppressed. His strong logical sense told him that reality was not to be found, yet he ever dreamed of finding it.

When focused and projected on man or thing his intellectual vitality was so intense, so penetrating, that the subject seemed suddenly revealed, definite and clear, as by the magic of secret forces.

Into all human relationships he entered intensely. Quick understanding and boundless sympathy gave him a great capacity for intimate friendship. Geoffrey Scott's death has brought a sense of desolation to his friends. They have lost a rare companion. The world has lost a genius.

* Died August 14, 1929.

General A. A. Brussilov's volume on memoirs, has been issued by the Soviet State Publishing House three years after the author's death under the title, "My Reminiscences." It is something in the nature of an *apologia pro vita mea*.

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Books of Special Interest

Interesting Plays

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By FRANTISEK LANGER. Adapted by PHILLIP MOELLER. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $2.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. By EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

BALLOON. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

HARVEST. By OAKLEY STOUT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $1.50.

ADAM'S OPERA. By CLEMENCE DANE. Set to Music by RICHARD ADDINSELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

OF these five plays two have title-page description as comedies, one as "tragi-comedy," the fourth as "a drama," and the fifth as "a text of a play." Of the two comedies "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" has, at least in this adaptation, entertainment as its sole aim. There is little need, therefore, to puzzle one's brains as to why Frantizek Langer chose such a long title, as the length is in inverse ratio to the weight. True, somewhere along in the fun Mrs Pesta exclaims: "It's just as hard for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to marry a girl that's poor," and "All of the rich young men have got humps on their backs, and they are just about as useful as a dead camel." The "twist" in the play is that the hump on the rich young man's back is the opposite of most such encumbrances. The drama has almost a Pollyanna plot. In fact, were it not for the shrewd Mrs. Pesta and the touch of satire in the excellent first act, this Continental comedy would almost bore one. It acts, however, more entertainingly than it reads. One suspects, indeed, that Mr. Moeller made his adaptation with the Guild actors directly in mind, especially Helen Westley.

* *

The popular success of Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand" renders the failure of his new tragi-comedy, "Children of Darkness," to win acceptance on the stage all the more surprising. Yet the Theatre Guild, after holding this play some time, relinquished its rights, after which Mr. Jed Harris tried it out on the road with the result that as a production it now reposes in his Broadway storehouse. Yet the piece is beautifully written, it has atmosphere, and what is more provides excellent acting parts, expecially in the characters of the wanton Laetetia and her *roué* lover, Count La Ruse, with an always popular self-sacrifice dénouement. Why, then, has it failed as stage writing? The reader, such a reader as Sheldon Cheney has termed "the creative drama reader," will be interested to provide an answer. Our answer is from two viewpoints, one technical, the other deeper. Technically, the play follows the development of the novel, rather than that of the play. It is leisurely rather than concise, the majority of the scenes being too long for the amount of dramatic interest they contain. There is too much sauce for too little pudding. The story is based on Fielding's "The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great," but it is no silly attempt to dramatize Fielding as Fielding that has led Mr. Mayer into the bog. His style and his method are his own, therefore the source of his material is of no importance. The deeper trouble with this play lies in the garb of the concept. The idea is clothed in silks and velvets, whereas its proper garment should be rags and tatters. In other words the theme is developed romantically when only realism could be convincing. The action becomes mere theatricality. Now there is no objection to theatricality provided it be "good theater." "Children of Darkness" in its lack of plot complication and definite clash is not "good theater." Yet even so it is a beautiful play to read and should not be overlooked. As one goes along one mentally marks passages of brilliant wit and poetic insight.

In "Balloon" Padraic Colum gives us the thrill of this season's plays. Were we a producer we would beg Mr. Colum to sign up with us immediately, for we predict that this play will be as fascinating on the stage as it is to read. Perhaps production arrangements have already been completed, but if so, the good news has not yet reached this far-off north-eastern tip of the States where we are writing. Captioned as comedy "Balloon" is comedy plus—plus satire, plus symbolism, plus poetry. Whether or no, as the jacket avers, it is "the first play to be based on modern philosophical ideas," and whether or no, still to quote the publishers, the action takes place in a "Spenglerian" world, we are not competent to judge. It does seem, however, as though Mr. Colum has found some kind of a fourth dimension in playwriting, wherein representationalism is reconciled with expressionism, and the action of thought runs parallel to plot, emotion, and characterization. In sheerness of mood there is something about it like Leonid Andreiev's "He Who Gets Slapped," yet it is tightly knit, and wholly within the logic of its premise. In the symbolism there is a note as universal as in "The Great God Brown," but whereas O'Neill's symbolism penetrates his characters, blurring their human outline, the characters in "Balloon" are cut in clean, sharp realism. Not symbolic in themselves they are the pure puppets of their creator's concept, and the obedient purveyors of his ideas, even while they remain outstanding types of people we all know in daily life. Yet this creator is completely submerged in his creation, as he should be. Except for the wit and the style, never for a moment are we made conscious that Mr. Colum stands on the lofty platform of his puppet stage, manipulating his marionettes with the strings of his imagination and reason. From start to finish the illusion of the hotel Daedalus is kept up—this palatial hostelry of Magalapolis, with its Café, its Hall of Palms, its Playroom, and its Roof Garden, whose manager, a Levantine prince, is termed Administrator, and to which come all the masters of the world, the philosopher, the explorer, the architect, the minister of war, the beautiful dancer, the business man—the cinema star, the prizefighter—everyone who has reached the top in his profession. In the Daedalus these are all scrutinized by the lady psycho-synthesist (try to say this word fast) and from its roof garden on a night a balloon is to be sent up. Who will ascend in the balloon? We shall not spoil the enthralling story of the play by divulging.

The one straight drama on this list is the three act "Harvest" by Oakley Stout. Purporting to be a play of the soil, its scene is laid in a Minnesota farmhouse in the eighties. Apropos of its theme we quote from a recent editorial in the *Saturday Review*: "The United States has never had a literature of the soil in the sense in which Great Britain or the Scandinavian countries have developed it." Up to the past few years this could have been said of our dramatic literature as well as of our fiction. With the exception of the plays of James A. Herne our *genre* drama has had no note of sincerity. The growth of the little theatre movement has, however, resulted in a healthful chance. Now we have Paul Green, as well as many other writers of equal sincerity and power. In fact within the past ten years our *genre* dramatic literature, particularly in the one act form has had an astonishing growth. The field has so widened that an anthology is now in press containing a selection of a dozen or so distinctive plays dealing with American locale. The sincere note has crept into our drama, together with daring conception and original observation. As a new young writer of the drama of the soil Mr. Stout in Harvest is sincere, but he is imitative, with "John Ferguson" his evident model in story and characterization. Compare his play with "The Earth Between," by Virgil Geddes, also an American writing plays of the soil, and its lack of originality in theme and execution becomes most apparent. Nevertheless, "Harvest" doubtless deserved to win the prize, as it did recently in the Drama League-Longmans, Green play contest as the best drama submitted. It is ridiculous, however, to praise it as the editor of *The Little Theatre Monthly* does in his preface, in such phrases as "classic in its unity" and so forth. And what can Mr. Ehrensperger mean by "the depression in the play is almost elegant"? 'Ods body! Where will one find elegant depression outside of Mrs. Malaprop? "Harvest" would have been far better off had its preface been omitted.

Not so with the preface to "Adam's Opera," which is necessary, and how illuminating! In it Miss Dane sets forth the genesis of this "text of a play," its growth within her consciousness, and how, when ready for birth it enslaved her pen, changing its form from serious drama, such as we are accustomed to receive from the author of "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Will Shakespeare" into a lyrical fantasy based on Mother Goose rhymes which admirably lent itself to a musical setting. With music by Richard Addinsell of Charlot's Revue fame "Adam's Opera" has recently been performed in London. But by no means is this "text" mere libretto. The nonsense is super-sense, strangely disturbing and provocative of thought. The author explains: " 'Adam's Opera' is an attempt to translate into the terms of the theatre an impression of the period which directly succeeded that awakening which we call 'the war'."

Problems of Infancy

DIFFICULTIES IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT. By MARY CHADWICK. New York: John Day. 1929.

Reviewed by RUTH WASHBURN

ONE who is interesed in the literature dealing with the solution of problems of management in early childhood welcomes each new book dealing with this subject as a potential solver of difficulties. The restraint of the title chosen for this book did not dissipate such hopes, nor did the introductory survey dampen one's ardor. With such statements as the following, one is in agreement:

> Foremost amongst the difficulties that meet us in the care of children is that we do not really understand ourselves nor our wants and wishes where we and they are concerned. Secondly, we do not understand the children's point of view, but fancy it to be the same as our own, failing to recognize that their condition of immaturity and lack of knowledge form a barrier between them and ourselves which it is practically impossible to surmount.

On reaching the body of the book, however, realization comes that although what Miss Chadwick has to say may be an accurate survey of the conclusions of the psychoanalytic school concerning the pitfalls which surround the growing child, one who is not an adherent of that school cannot allow the book to pass unchallenged.

The reasons for feeling the necessity for criticism are two. First, sweeping generalizations are made as if true of the entire population. Many of these generalizations are based only on the study of individuals who are sufficiently maladjusted to present themselves for psychoanalysis. Second, statements are made which may be true but which can never be checked.

In illustration of the first point, generalizations such as those which follow make one long to bring up heavy guns in the form of definite statistical statements as to the number of exceptions per thousand cases.

> Those infants who were breast-fed full time, for whom the supply of milk never failed either in quantity or quality grow up contented optimists, always expecting, and usually not disappointed in their expectations, that the necessaries of life will come easily and duly within their grasp. . . . Quite different is the character developed by the unsatisfied child, or the one who has suffered from unequal, unsystematic or unpunctual feeding in babyhood. Here we shall find other characteristics—impatience, suspicion, anger at being kept waiting, at being disappointed, and inclination to indulge to excess when any opportunity to do so occurs. . . . Any monotonous and constant occupation will prove irksome and laborious, and a gambling existence of alternating affluence and poverty will offer a stronger appeal.

One wonders whether the people who are responsible for such statements follow Darwin's excellent practice. He kept a notebook in his pocket in which he immediately jotted down evidence contrary to any theory he was considering, stating that confirmatory evidence was remembered without this aid, —an observation restated a little differently by Freud.

One quotation should suffice in illustration of the second reason for criticism.

> The baby who cannot gain immediate satisfaction of its hunger will suck a thumb or even its own lip, a corner of the pillow, or anything else which may easily be within reach, finding in this substitute a means of "nullifying the wish" for the time being. Should this hallucinatory gratification occur without disturbing sleep, we call this the infant's first dream. In this way the baby gains satisfaction which prevents the necessity of waking, in which we may see a clear example of that function of the dream to preserve sleep.

Lacking introspective reports, how is it possible to make this statement with the degree of certainty with which it is here presented?

There is undoubtedly wheat among the chaff in this book. To separate the two satisfactorily should be possible after much reading and experience, but because of these two prerequisites it could hardly be recommended as a handbook to the young and inexperienced mother, to whom it might cause much needless anxiety.

Esthetic Pot-Pourri

ART AND CIVILIZATION. Essays arranged and edited by F. S. MARVIN and A. F. CLUTTON-BROCK. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $4.75.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON

THE flood tide of "outlines" having receded, we seem faced with an inundation of symposia, though not precisely in the classic significance of the term. It is clearly into the category of the symposium that the current volume falls. Originally delivered as lectures before the Unity History School, the papers are now presented with alterations and additions chiefly supplied by Mr. A. F. Clutton-Brock. It may be recorded at the outset that the task of endowing this material with the symmetry and structural integrity demanded of published matter has been an arduous one even for such co-editors as Mr. F. S. Marvin and Mr. Clutton-Brock. That their efforts have been attended with a certain degree of dubiety is obvious from the explanatory, not to say apologetic, attitude of the compilers themselves.

The thirteen chapters herewith amassed under the vaguely aspiring caption of "Art and Civilization" are nothing if not diverse. From the lucid objectivity of Mr. G. Elliot Smith's paper on The Origin of Art to Mr. Marvin's idealistic plea for a species of educational millenium in which art shall play a prominent rôle, both pace and performance are uneven. Nevertheless, the book is interesting. It is interesting not because the various authors particularly illuminate the subject in hand, but because they succeed in illuminating themselves. Plato, Kant, Descartes, and likewise Mr. Clive Bell and Mr. Roger Fry, may wrestle as they are wont with the esthetic absolute. Art, however, persists in remaining where it was, and doubtless where it will always be. It is neither more nor less than what one sees in it. And it is precisely what these several contributors see in the epochs and phases of artistic development under consideration which is of significance to the reviewer.

Neither Mr. Marvin nor Mr. Clutton-Brock seems quite to have escaped from what may be termed the beauty fetish of the Victorian era or from a certain measure of its ethical bias. Beauty and Truth duly capitalized occur frequently throughout these pages. Both authors in fact subscribe to Sir Sidney Colvin's definition of art as something "independent of direct utility" and capable of affording "permanent and disinterested delight." One cannot cavil at such elevated sentiments. It is sufficient to recognize the intellectual purism of the age which gave them birth and currency.

Following Mr. Smith's pioneer essay upon origins come somewhat routine chapters on Prehistoric Art by Dina Portway Dobson and Early Greek and Later Greek and Roman Art by Michael Holroyd. These are offset by Mr. Laurence Binyon's The Art of Asia and Joseph Strzygowski's masterly, provocative exposition of Old Christian Art and Medieval Art. It is indeed rather hard upon the others to range them alongside such a redoubtable Titan as the author of "Orient oder Rom." Like his great contemporary and colleague Rostovtzeff, Strzygowski seems actually to mould history in order to illustrate his particular theories and theses—which theories and theses, be it acknowledged, seem convincingly sound.

It is this power to penetrate and to recreate a given epoch or an individual personality with the magic of intuitive sensibility and mature scholarship which gives the work of such men its outstanding significance. Upon Herr H. Glueck and Mrs. Arthur Strong devolves the task of carrying along the thread of progressive evolution through the Renaissance, whilst Mr. Clutton-Brock in turn brings us with no little social-historical perspective down to the art of today. In conclusion, Mr. Marvin hopefully if somewhat heavily envisages the future of esthetic endeavor in the throes of a democratic *milieu*.

Considered as a whole, the panorama of art as here unfolded is a bit lacking in relief. It likewise seems that the light of genuine creative insight flashes but fitfully across these pages. It is, in fact, only discernible when Mr. G. Elliot Smith elucidates the early struggles of our weird little arboreal progenitors for that more extended visual area and greater measure of muscular control which constitutes artistic activity in its incipiency. And again when Professor Strzygowski causes the Middle Ages to pulsate with that aspiration which was to expand into the full radiance of the modern world.

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Foreign Literature

"Arbeiterdichtung"

DAS PROLETARISCHE SCHICKSAL. Edited by HANS MÜHLE. Gotha: Leopold Klotz. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. H. RANDALL

"ARBEITERDICHTUNG" is the content and theme of this interesting anthology. The word is defined by the editor as meaning working-class poetry, on the life of the working-class, written by actual members of that class. Ordinary revolutionary or "proletarian" poetry written by the intellectual bourgeoisie, such as Ernst Toller, is excluded both from the definition and the book, which thus acquires an historical and social significance, whatever its literary merits. In an interesting introduction Herr Mühle claims that "Arbeiterdichtung," in his sense, is a recent phenomenon. It is true there were *Vorklänge* in the poems of Georg Herwegh or Heinrich Heine, or in those of the late Richard Dehmel, but these were the reactions of poetical emotion or sympathy; the actual thing came only just before the war in the poems of Paul Zech, Karl Bröger, Heinrich Lersch, and Alfons Petzold, all of them manual workers, who expressed the emotions and aspirations of their class in poetry. It is true that these, and indeed most of the other "Arbeiterdichter"—though the fact is not emphasized by the editor—eventually left their manual toil and settled down to middle-class occupations, such as journalism, civil service, or novel-writing—but before they did this their experience of the things they write about was immediate and vivid.

The anthology is divided according to theme. Thus we have the worker's expression of his joy in his work, an inspiration of several interesting lyrics, also his weariness of its monotony, his ideas of love, marriage, and parenthood, his religious aspirations, his views of society and politics, his love for his country, his revolutionary fervor. One generalization the reader will immediately feel inclined to make is that the more conservative and fundamental instincts of life are very present to the majority of the "Arbeiterdichter." Revolutionary poems there are, it is true, but they are few compared with poems which either give an objective picture of working-class conditions, or express the worker's fidelity to wife and family and native land. A powerful portrayer of factory conditions is Gerrit Engelke, an unskilled painter, whose death during the war robbed Germany, according to Herr Mühle, of her most important exponent of the spirit of our machine age. Heinrich Lersch, too, a steel worker—though now devoted entirely to writing—is a notable member of the same category, and he, together with Karl Brüger, also gave sincere expression to the patriotism most of Germany felt in the first months of the war. That genuine working-class poetry in Germany is not by any means inclined towards philosophic revolution or ideas subversive of society's traditions—this is the chief impression one would derive from this collection. Literary merit *apart*—and this is not lacking in several individual contributions—the book forms an interesting commentary on contemporary German history.

Mr. Dunning's Windfalls

WINDFALLS. By R. R. DUNNING. Paris: Edward W. Titus. 1929.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

IN "Rococo" Mr. Dunning, it was acknowledged, had achieved a significant *tour de force* in contemporary poetry; but the skill, or *habito*, of his devising hand caused a good many of his admirers to overlook the ore of pure poetry—in the always living English conventional tradition—that was packed into his twenty-two pages of regimented yet attractive terza rima. The fact that virtually nobody writes in this Dantesque verse form to-day is no reason to deride it or to belittle Mr. Dunning's unquestioned success in this un-English medium. The efforts of Swinburne and Rossetti in this form, while striking, are all but negligible, just as the labored translations of the "Divine Comedy" in terza rima are negligible for the most part. Mr. Dunning's success lies in his giving us not fluid verse, but poetry.

"Windfalls" is a collection of recent lyrics, and the quintessential quality of Mr. Dunning—despite an occasional bad lapse—is apparent in nearly all of them. What is remarkable about Mr. Dunning as a contemporary poet is that there appear no contemporary accessories or, if you like, banalities in his work: this is always in the vital stream of English poetry; and it is never, outside a certain individual sensory feeling, modern in any of the generally recognized senses of the much-abused word or its degenerate foundling "modernist." Mr. Dunning writes the sort of poetry that assumes by its own flow and the conditions of its being that a leisured, poetry-reading public still exists. His verses will not yield to dynamism, to hurried and breathless contemporaneity, to the radio, and to the exigencies of the jazz-cocktail rhythm of to-day. They seem to say to us: "Leigh Hunt and Crabb Robinson and Cowden Clark, that necessary nucleus of appreciation for Shelley and Keats—which all the rest of the world will inevitably follow—are still alive and sensitive among us." And perhaps they are.

If the poems speak partly thus to us, they speak in their own right, as witness the newness and surprise, delicate in its esthetic shock, of "Isabelle of Hainault," or the passionate truth of "The Penalty," a sonnet on peace, never eloquent, never vituperative, never indignant, as Wilfrid Blunt often is. This poem does not descend from the region of poetry. The essential attribute of Dunning's poems will best be isolated by the reader who knows and feels so deeply in his blood and bones the tradition in which this poet works, that he is able, on immediate contact, to tell how Dunning departs from that rearisen tradition. Perhaps a touchstone is provided by the first poem in the book entitled "The Skyscraper," with its memorable first stanza:

Good Lord, how tall you are,
One hundred men high:
But is that all you are,
You that must die?

Valdés's Latest

TESTAMENTO LITERARIO. By A. PALACIO VALDÉS. Madrid: Librería de Victoriano Suárez. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIS KNAPP JONES

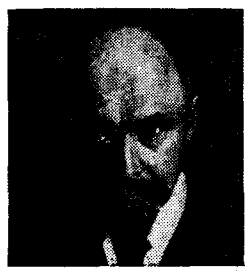
"WHEN chill age approaches," says Palacio Valdés in his most recent publication, the twenty-third from his pen, "the ray of the sun of glory fills us with new life." Certainly he merits his place in the sun, this greatest of living Spanish novelists, who pauses almost at his four score years to look over his life and set down his "Literary Testament."

His volume is written in simple, straightforward prose, but it contains controversial ideas that will make philosophers pause. True, little that is new or startling confronts us, for, as he acknowledges, his creed, which was derived from his early period of observation and reflection and which he has before this set down in forewords and introductions, has remained practically unchanged. Yet, as he explains in his preliminary chapter: "Before closing my eyes forever, I wish to leave gathered in one volume all that I have previously said about my art and those who cultivate it."

Here he pays tribute to those who shaped his thought: Schopenhauer, Montaigne, Goethe, and his boyhood friends Leopoldo Alas and Tomás Tuero. Here he appears as a classicist, praising the ancients, scorning originality and going so far—though he himself is one of the few Spanish authors not accused of imitating—as to advocate copying, even plagiarism. Writers, he suggests, should turn to manual labor to earn their living and write only when the spirit moves them, but to keep their minds free from controversy, they should turn politics over to the women. As to esthetics, his system consists in a belief in truth, beauty, and goodness as the triumvirate that reveals life eternal.

His volume is thought provoking. Writers and students of modern literature will be especially interested in the third of the dozen sections, the one discussing La Estética, but Valdés's admirers cannot afford to skip any of this charming volume.

"Two additions to German *belles lettres*," says the *London Observer*, "are a book on Rembrandt by the famous art critic, Wilhelm Hausenstein (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), and what must be considered the last word on the Elizabethan dramatists by Philip Arenstein, the historian, 'Das Englische Renaissance Drama' (Teubner, Leipzig). Hausenstein's work is monumental in scope. Different facets of Rembrandt's genius are viewed in seventeen collected essays, each one a masterpiece of insight."



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JULIAN GREEN
AND THE
HARPER PRIZE NOVEL

It was in 1922 that Harper & Brothers inaugurated their Prize Novel Contest, a competition in which motion picture, dramatic and serial rights, which frequently have so much bearing on other contests, play no part. It is the conviction of the judges and of Harper's that this freedom from influences that tend to standardize and too greatly hamper an author's individuality in developing a novel is responsible in large measure for the selection of four Harper Prize novels of such distinguished literary quality. The public and the booksellers alike have come to look upon the Harper Prize as a badge of unusual quality, a guarantee amply sustained in the case of each of the Harper Prize Novels by the literary critics of the country and by sales running to the hundred thousand mark and beyond.

The first Harper Prize Novel Contest was won by THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS, by Margaret Wilson, which was also awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1923. Anne Parrish won the Prize in 1925-26 with THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR, a novel which was hailed by critics and readers alike. THE GRANDMOTHERS, by Glenway Westcott, the 1927-28 Prize-winner, placed Mr. Westcott's name in the forefront of younger American writers. With these three distinguished novels must now be placed THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green, winner of the HARPER PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST for 1929-30

Julian Green was born in Paris of American parents in September, 1900. In 1917 he drove an ambulance on the French and Italian Fronts; the following year he joined the French artillery. In 1919 he entered the University of Virginia, where he spent the two years which comprise his experience in his native land.

Julian Green's literary history is one of success succeeding success. His first novel, AVARICE HOUSE, won universal praise both in France and America. His second, THE CLOSED GARDEN, won the Femina-Bookman Prize in Europe for the most distinguished novel of the year, was crowned by the French Academy, and was selected by The Book-of-the-Month Club in America where it sold over 90,000 copies.

Julian Green's third novel, THE DARK JOURNEY, was chosen by the Selection Sequana in France, (The French Book-of-the-Month Club) where it has raised a storm of controversy and has gone through fifteen printings. Now it is awarded the $10,000 Prize in the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1929-30.

Such a record of distinction is unique. André Maurois calls Julian Green "the best of his generation." He has been compared most frequently to Flaubert, Emily Bronte, Balzac, and Conrad. Unquestionably he is one of the most important living American writers.

FIRST PRIZE

The Harper Prize Novel

1929 - 1930

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GRANT OVERTON

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by

JULIAN GREEN

Author of "Avarice House"
and "The Closed Garden"

"I hardly believed that anyone was left who could do work of this quality. Such patience, such firmness of touch, such reality! All is concrete and tangible; these people may peer at the sky or look for a dreadful moment over the edge of an unexpected abyss, but their creator has kept them always human, always with their feet on the ground. He has so far simplified his theme that it can come home, with peculiar force, to any reader, in any country, in any age. This book is as timeless as MADAM BOVARY."—*Grant Overton.* . . . THE DARK JOURNEY is his best yet. The originality of the author's mind is more freely disengaged in this book than in previous ones. And the sombre power of the tragedy is simply tremendous. Mr. Green is assuredly of the lineage of great novelists."—*Arnold Bennett.* $2.50

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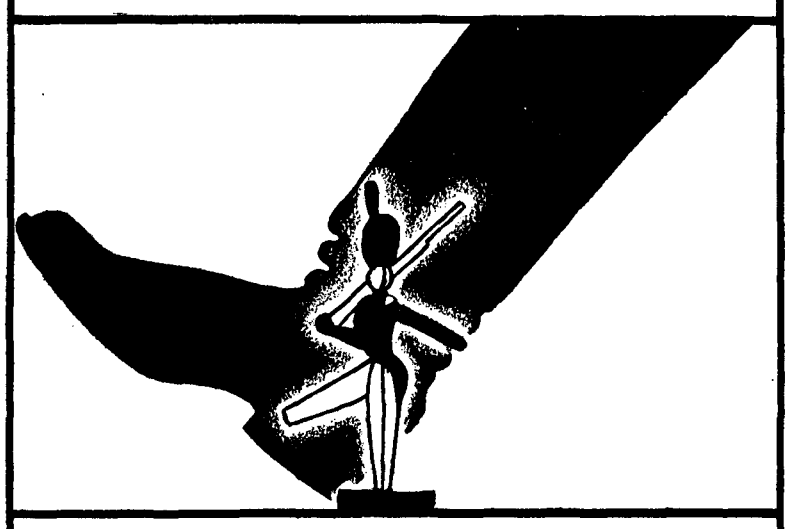
GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE



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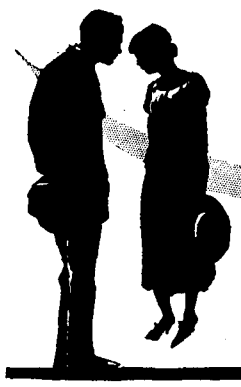

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Reviews

THE WONDER CITY. By LOIS LENSKI. *New York: Coward-McCann. 1929.* $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a book of hardly more than thirty pages which should prove a source of endless diversion to the very young child, for it is a whole city, the city of New York, in microcosm. From the moment that Miss Lenski's engaging small boy and girl emerge from the waiting-room of the Grand Central station to that fleeting glimpse of them waving farewell as the observation car rolls out of it, the two little figures make their way through a series of scenes depicting various sections and features of the city and the men, women, and children who people it. As full page illustrations Miss Lenski's drawings produce an effect of confusion which results from the numbers of small figures that throng them, but reduced to their various incidents they are delightful, portraying both realistically and humorously the various points of interest in New York, such as the menagerie, the park, the library, the aquarium, and the Brooklyn Bridge.

Miss Lenski manages with a few lines to get remarkable expressiveness of attitude and countenance, and injects just enough of the burlesque into her delineation to lend something of the cartoon to her drawings. There are a dozen types on such a page as that picturing Orchard Street, a multiplicity of figures which will engage the interest of the child and call forth the admiration of his elders for Miss Lenski's cleverness. The end papers in black and white present a pictorial map of Manhattan and provide a pleasing contrast to the color of the rest of the illustrations.

JOSCELYN OF THE FORTS. By GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

N this historical novel for boys and girls, with its setting the French and Indian War, the heroine has many harassing adventures and narrow escapes in the wilderness of what is now New York State. The great affection of a daughter for her parents and the hardships she undergoes to obtain her father's exoneration when he is accused of having communication with the French play a large part in making the book interesting and at the same time not over-sentimental. With similar restraint the courtship of the heroine is merely suggested and its outlines are left for the reader to fill in.

The battle of Fort William Henry and the massacre following it are dramatically portrayed. There is no prejudice shown in favor of one country or the other. Montcalm, Monro, William Johnson, Abercrombie, the Schuylers of Albany and the informer Lyddius, all have to do with the heroine's activities. The characters of these men are drawn realistically rather than romantically, so that the reader sees both their good qualities and their faults. Even the fact that the heroine is English is not allowed to give a false impression of the French. In fact, Montcalm is represented as taking a hand in proving the innocence of Joscelyn's father, whose life and honor are at stake.

The Middle Ages*

THE BOOK OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY. By *Hilaire Belloc.* Putnams.

Seventy-six color plate reproductions of the panels of the tapestry with running commentary by the author. The tapestry tells the story of the Norman conquest with a rich detail of life in the Middle Ages.

SWEET WILLIAM. By *Marguerite Bouvet.* McClurg. $1.50.

The story of a little prince of Normandy imprisoned in a castle during the days of chivalry.

THE STORY OF SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY. By *William Canton.* Dial Press. $1.50.

This story is told from medieval chronicles and is filled with simple pictures of thirteenth-century castle and village life.

ONCE IN FRANCE. By *Marguerite Clément.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Illustrated by Germaine Denonain. The story of Anne of Britany's cure of soul and body; the courage and sufferings of Countess Jeanne of Provençe; Heliote of Touraine, Joan of Arc's friend; how Saint Geneviève saved the early Paris from Attila and the Huns; and some of the legends of Alsace and Brittany.

THE GAUNTLET OF DUNMORE. By *Hawthorne Daniel.* Macmillan. $1.75.

England in 1411. Edward Dunmore, with the help of his faithful servant, Robin the Archer, wins his inheritance, unjustly wrested from him. The story of the battle of Agincourt is included in the book.

THE HONOR OF DUNMORE. By *Hawthorne Daniel.* Macmillan. $1.75.

Illustrated by *Henry Pitz.* Follows "The Gauntlet of Dunmore" and is a story of the time of Henry VI in England.

THE POPE'S MULE. By *Alphonse Daudet.* (The Little Library) Macmillan. $1.

Illustrated by the French artist *Herouard.* A gay story of old days at Avignon, when the Popes lived there, and Pope Boniface's favorite mule cherished a grudge for seven long years.

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND. Edited by *H. W. C. Davis.* Oxford. $7.

New edition of Barnard's "Companion to English History." All phases of medieval life and learning are set forth with many illustrations.

LIFE ON A MEDIÆVAL BARONY. By *William Stearns Davis.* Harpers. $3.50.

Thirteenth century life fully and accurately described by an eminent scholar. Many drawings from manuscripts of the period.

THE WHITE COMPANY. By *A. Conan Doyle.* Harpers. $2.50.

English bowmen in France and Castile 1366-1367, reign of Edward III.

The same—Illustrated by *N. C. Wyeth.* Cosmopolitan. $3.50.

The same—Illustrated by *James Daugherty.* Harpers. $2.50.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Ephraim Emerton.* Ginn. $1.92.

MEDIÆVAL EUROPE. Ginn. $2.

The first book is a splendid short history of the period. The second book covers the period from the death of Charlemagne to the close of the fourteenth century. (814-1300). An authoritative and valuable book.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By *Gilbert K. Chesterton.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.25.

A simple, true interpretation of the life and philosophy of Saint Francis, inspired by love and reverence, but with characteristic dogmatic statements.

GOD'S TROUBADOUR. By *Sophie Jewett.* Crowell. $2.

With engraved reproductions of famous paintings and fine photographs of Assisi. We wish this charming book might be the introduction of most children to this medieval saint. And that while they were reading it or, better still, hearing it read aloud, they might have a chance to look at the beautiful picture book of Subercaseaux's listed below.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By *Paul Sabatier.* Scribners. $3.

Translated by *L. S. Houghton.* If a boy or girl of fourteen years or older wants to read more about St. Francis, this life is considered the finest and most authoritative of all the lives of the saint.

SAINT FRANCIS D'ASSISE. By *Pedro Subercaseaux.* Marshall Jones. $25.

A picture book of the life of the Saint reproduced from the water colors of a Benedictine monk from the monastery on the Isle of Wright. He is the son of a wealthy Chilean family, long prominent in diplomatic circles, who has chosen to give himself entirely to the spiritual life.

LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By *Michael Williams.* Macmillan. $1.75.

Can be read along with "God's Troubadour" which has greater charm, but not as much detailed description of the time or of the episodes of St. Francis's life. The illustrations are by *Boris Artzybasheff.*

* This is the second in the series of lists which the *Saturday Review*, through the courtesy of its authors and publishers, is reproducing from "Realms of Gold in Children's Books," by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney.

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2ND LARGE PRINTING IN ONE WEEK

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

M. F. M., Hattiseburg, Miss., asks for books of criticism and anthologies of contemporary poetry of England, Ireland, India, Latin America, Germany, and France.

IF the foreign anthologies are to be in English translation, their contents will include in most cases both old and new poems: for instance the excellent "Anthology of Italian Poems" (Knopf), edited by Lorna de Lucchi, goes from the thirteenth through the nineteenth century; this has text and translation of opposite pages, the best and fairest way of putting verse in a foreign language before a new audience. Oscar Kuhns's critical work on "The Great Poets of Italy" (Houghton Mifflin) connects them with a sketch of Italian literature.

We have for French poetry in translation the "Modern Book of French Verse," published by Liveright; "Modern French Poetry," edited by J. T. Shipley and published by Greenberg; "Casements," fifty poems by fifty French poets, translated by R. C. Savage (Dutton); "Fleur-de-lys," an anthology of French poetry from earliest times to the present, by Wilfrid Thorley and the same translator's "A Bouquet from France" (Houghton Mifflin); "Anthology of Modern French Poetry," edited by G. Van Roosbroek (Knopf), and a collection called "Few, but Roses" (Brentano), poems that have been put into English by famous poets with unusual success. For criticism we have Ludwig Lewisohn's "Poets of Modern France" (Viking), a series of critical sketches, and Amy Lowell's fine study of "Six French Poets" (Houghton Mifflin), whose illustrations are given in the original with prose paraphrases in an appendix.

S. Liptzin's "Lyric Poets of Modern Germany" (Columbia University Press) is the first book by an American to trace the change in German literature from romance to realism; it deals with the lyric, especially as the vehicle of social revolt, social pity, cynicism, utopianism, and *Weltschmertz*. We have not, so far as I can discover, a good collection of recent or even fairly recent verse by various poets; Heine's "Book of Songs," translated by J. Todhunter, is one of the Oxford Press's Library of Translations, and Louis Untermeyer has translated a volume of "Poems of Heinrich Heine" (Harcourt, Brace).

Padriac Colum's "Anthology of Irish Verse" (Boni & Liveright) heads the list of Irish anthologies; there is also one edited by Lennox Robinson, "A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse" (Macmillan), "A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue," collected by Brooks and Rolleston, from the poetry of the nineteenth century (Macmillan), and a collection of "The Poetry of Irish History," edited by S. M. Brown (Stokes), besides a "Celtic Anthology," edited by Grace Rhys (Crowell), presenting poems of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, arranged in periods.

There is an excellent "Anthology of Modern Indian Poets," edited by Gwendoline Goodwin, and published in the series of Wisdom of the East books (Dutton); this includes translations and poems originally written in English, from the works of Tagore, Sarojini Naidu, Seshadri. Pankajini Basu, Inayat Khan, and others. The poems of Sarojini Naidu, in three volumes, "The Bird of Time," "The Golden Threshold," and "The Broken Wing," are published by Dodd, Mead; Mme. Naidu was one of the delegates to the Congress of Women lately held in Berlin and was making an honored progress through Vienna when I was there, a most poetic figure with her deep, dark eyes under the silk wrap that curves about an Indian Lady's shoulders and head and makes Western garments look silly in combination with it. The poems of Tagore are published by Macmillan. "Legends of India," by E. W. Hopkins, has just been published by the Yale University Press.

The list of English anthologies and works of criticism is so long that I suggest referring to the new, enlarged edition of Manly and Rickert's "Contemporary British Literature" (Harcourt, Brace), a study-outline with many reading-lists and a book that will solve most of the problems of program-makers in study-clubs. In this a long list of poetry-collections is given, and the titles of books of criticism. I must however speak for "Studies of Contemporary Poetry," by Mary C. Sturgeon (Dodd, Mead), in the revised and enlarged edition, and for Edward L. Davison's "Some Modern Poets" (Harper), while Louis Untermeyer's "Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace) is a useful collection for general use. I have read translations of South American poetry by Alice Stone Blackwell, and think these were published in book form, but I cannot find the record: poets are considered in Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish American Literature" (Brentano), with a number of translations.

W. S., San Francisco, Cal., asks for travel books on Mexico and the countries south of the Canal Zone; he is especially interested in the early civilization of such countries.

THE old favorite, Flandrau's "Viva Mexico" (Appleton), is still deservedly popular; so is H. L. Forster's "A Gringo in Mañana Land" (Dodd, Mead), which includes Central America. Carlton Beal's "Mexico: an Interpretation" (Viking) was followed by a larger work," Brimstone and Chili" (Knopf). Another book from before the Great War, Wallace Gilpatrick's "The Man Who Likes Mexico" (Century), is the record of five years stay and a consequent admiration. Chester L. Jones's "In and Under Mexico" (Century) is the story of a mining engineer's experiences, amusing and full of sound information. D. H. Lawrence's "Mornings in Mexico" (Knopf) is a sublimated travel-book. "That Mexican!" by R. N. McLean (Revell), is concerned with Mexicans on both sides of the border. "Mexico and its Heritage," by Ernest Gruening (Century), is an analysis of present conditions, based on five visits of investigation involving twenty-four of the twenty-eight states. "The People Next Door," by George Creel (Day), is a popular journalistic history, from earliest times to the present, rapidly moving and easy to read. "Beautiful Mexico," by Vernon Quinn (Stokes), is a gift-book with many pictures of scenery, buildings, and people. "The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico," by Diaz del Castillo, is published by Harper.

For Central America one of the most popular guide and travel books is "Rainbow Countries of Central America," by Wallace Thompson (Dutton), which covers all this part of the world; it is one of the books used by Chautauqua. "The Central Americans," by Arthur Ruhl (Scribner), is an illustrated record of travel between Mexico and Panama; his earlier "The Other Americans" (Scribner) concerns South America. "Central America," by Lillian Elliott (Dodd, Mead), is a comprehensive guide to all these countries, with a historical background: W. H. Koebel's South American Series has a volume, "Central America" (Scribner), with detailed information on climate, economic conditions, financial matters, and many other additions to a business man's equipment.

For earlier civilization, Thomas W Gann's "Maya Cities" (Scribner), a record of exploration and discovery in Middle America, and his "In an Unknown Land" (Scribner), the result of archæological journeys in Yucatan, are of the highest interest to anyone who has so much as seen a picture of the relics of this lost world. "The Magic Lands of the Maya," by W. L. Puxley (Dodd, Mead), is a well-illustrated travel record. For sheer romance of archæology it would be hard to beat "The City of the Sacred Well," by T. A. Willard (Century), which describes the almost incredible lifework of the author in unearthing the treasures of Chichen-itza. It was in this book that I first came upon the idea that to send a material object after a dead person, for use in the other world, it is necessary to break it, thus releasing its immaterial essence; it is an idea that seems to have possibilities, one way or another. But just how much breakage is necessary, I wonder, to release the spirit of a statue altogether? The Elgin Marbles seem to be holding on firmly to theirs, headless or not; the least toe, severed from a Greek statue, seems instinct with vitality.

Though not a travel book, "Mexico" (University of Chicago Press) must be added to this list; it is the work of three specialists, J. F. Rippy, José Vasconcelos, and Guy Stevens, a scholar, a Mexican intellectual, and an American business man, presenting reports on present-day conditions as they affect American foreign policy. Of course, as a background to travel in Mexico everyone should read Prescott.

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The Wood Cut—No. III

WHAT has happened to the wood cut or wood engraving may one day be the happy fate of hand set type: to be freed from the slavery of unintelligent use for the freedom of creative work. This is dangerous ground; but since the trend of printing is more and more mechanical, it seems reasonable to predict, however one may lament the fact, that before long there will be little hand-setting of type, and most of those "survivals" which are to-day the playthings of indifferent compositors will be free from their clutches. The wood block has already achieved that freedom, a freedom which does not comport with any ideal life of craftsmanship, but which nevertheless does result, in our imperfect civilization, in the creation of some abstract beauty, and in occasional illustrations befitting subject and typography.

The Fleuron Press in London has published for three years a slim annual volume dealing with wood engraving and cutting (for it is necessary to use both words: "cutting" is done with a knife on the flat or plank side of the wood, while "engraving" is done with a graver on the end grain of the block). The present number contains an essay on Papillon, one on the wood-engravings of John Nash, on the use of wood and metal in the invention of printing, German wood-cut lettering, a glossary of terms used in xylography, and fourteen contemporary wood-cuts.

Mr. Shoulderer's article on the use of wood and metal in the invention of printing is a résumé of the evidence against the use of separate wooden letters in European printing. Their use, save experimentally, has never been conceivable to anyone used to the handling of type for printing; nevertheless such an erroneous idea is occasionally met with, like the idea of the early metal types having holes through them for the insertion of wires to hold them together. The inconvenience of wooden letters—less than a quarter inch square and an inch long—and the fact that casting of metals was a well-known craft in the fifteenth century, sufficiently dispose of the myth of wooden letters.

The examples of contemporary woodcuts is the most valuable portion of the book. Six are English, one Austrian, four Russian, one German, one French, one Dutch, none American. The reason for the last goose-egg is not far to seek: as I have remarked about the annual "Illustrated Books" shows, we have very little to offer; what we have is too apt to be conventional, and the unconventional is, well, John Held, Jr. And I am inclined to think that Held's work, with its very characteristic American buffoonery, should be shown.

Mr. Nash's pictures for "Poisonous Plants" are quite the best of the plates shown: they are really poisonous in engraving and evil implication. Of the others, "The Olive Pickers," by Gwendolen Raverat, seems to me one of the pleasantest, perhaps because I have still a pretty old-fashioned view of drawing and engraving. Hans André's "Tyrolese Peasants and Costumes" shows the futility of trying to do small things on linoleum—a medium which can be effective and economical in large areas, but which is too soft and springy for even moderately fine lines. The "View of Vitebsk," by Yefim Minin—but there again I see I am leaning to traditionalism, and, furthermore, that this catalogue is beginning to smack of the "art critic."

The "Woodcut Annual" is published in this country by Random House at $5. There are for both countries 750 copies. R.

"Skirmish With Jolly Roger"

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S "Lady Chatterley's Lover" seems to have suffered more severely at the hands of the American pirates than even Kipling's or Stevenson's books did. His account of the stealings is less fortunate than Kipling's "Three Captains," even if much less bitter, because he attempts an apology, and thereby invites a consideration not of the stealings, but of his book. And sex seems to be one of the facts of life which only those understand who do not write about it.

However, "My Skirmish with Jolly Roger," being an introduction to a popular-priced edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" about to appear in France, makes entertaining reading. It isn't any too logical when Mr. Lawrence comes to constructive advice, but that is again an old story, and doesn't matter. The introduction is first printed as a slim book by the Pynson Printers in attractive format—six hundred copies at $3.50 each. R.

Governing the Californias

IN the year 1779 Don Felipe de Neve, Spanish Governor of California, drafted the text of "Reglamento para el Gobierno de la Provincia de Californias." In the inevitably slow way of that time and place, the draft went to Madrid, where it was approved by the King in 1781, then it was returned to Mexico City, and printed in 1784 as a little pamphlet of thirty-eight pages. In 1874 there was only one copy known of this pamphlet—in the office of the Surveyor-General of California at San Francisco—and from it the California Historical Society printed an edition of 150 copies. Fate, which seems to have been especially spiteful toward California documents of the Spanish rulers, intervened to destroy (in the fire of 1906) the unique copy in the Surveyor-General's office, and (by a fire at Santa Clara in 1886) all but six copies of the Society's reprint. Of these six copies, two are in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, one is in private hands, and three have disappeared from sight. From one of the existing copies The Grabhorn Press in San Francisco has prepared a new edition of three hundred copies.

The present edition is in two volumes: the original Spanish text, without critical comment, in one, and an English translation by John Everett Johnson with a Bibliographical Note by Oscar Lewis in the other. The value of this publication seems considerable. As Mr. Lewis points out, the tradition of damning the Spanish occupation of California, sprung from the understandable temper of Mexican War times, is not in accord with the facts, and the regulations set forth in this book serve to show that the conquerors of California were neither knaves nor fools. The "Reglamento" is distinctly worth preserving.

Among the products of California which are most acceptable—though the Chambers of Commerce of that glorious state probably are ignorant of their value—are the books of the Grabhorns. These two small volumes are really delectable. That printing is not merely a matter of type and paper can be proved from such books—something else must be mixed with those ingredients. The text type is Caslon, set "neat," if I may transfer a descriptive word. Tight spacing, tight "fit," and no leads are dangerous unless you have the proper size of type and type-page, but both are here present. The display letters—Garamond and Jansen—are well chosen, and in the Spanish text red initials help the effect. The paper is an excellent white laid, and the simple marbled paper binding with red labels is sufficient. By every measure of good printing, these books are first class in quality. R.

L'Estrange's Æsop

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE'S version of twenty-four old fables, originally published in 1692, have been reprinted from the edition of 1724, and issued in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Accompanying each fable is a reproduction of an etching by Marcus Gheeraerts, a Flemish draftsman of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, the photographic method of reproduction, while pleasing in itself, entirely fails to reproduce the definite delicacy of those originals: the gelatine method is quite too soft. this is a pity, for the drawing is spirited and the composition interesting. I don't know that any other method could have been used to better advantage, but I think

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some slight loss of delicacy, if added sharpness were obtained, would not be serious. The book is a quarto, well printed, in good-sized type. The fables are just as pertinent now as they were in L'Estrange's day—though I wonder how much the modern child knows of animals, who is brought up on gasoline, cement, and electric refrigerators? R.

Early New Orleans Printing

MR. McMURTRIE has given us, through the house of Searcy & Pfaff of New Orleans, an important monograph on the subject of early printing in that city. Unlike the rather fugitive pamphlets in which he has lately treated of minor and detached matters, this is a book of some hundred and fifty pages, well printed in Bodoni type on French Arches paper, and limited to four hundred and ten copies. There are twenty-three zinc line reproductions of old New Orleans imprints, all but one in full size of the originals. As I have before remarked, the only satisfactory way to reproduce old pages is in line engraving; the half-tone does not convey the effect of the original nearly so well.

Mr. McMurtrie's treatise covers the time from Denis Braud, the pioneer, to 1810, including French, Spanish, and United States occupation. Mr. McMurtrie has uncovered a broadside of Braud's dated 1764 (four years earlier than the earliest supposed imprint), an "Extrait de la Lettre du Roi" to the French Commander in New Orleans. It is in French, set in French type, and in the French style of the period. The other plates, of broadsides (all of them are official documents, save one or two), are practically all of the French typographic style, and, it is interesting to note, are quite superior in style to most of the early American printing. Headbands of printers' flowers are common, and there is one page, the title-page to "Lois Décrétés par le Congrès des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, pour le Gouvernement, *protempore*, de la Province de la Louisiane," 1804, with a spirited although extraordinary eagle holding the shield with E Pluribus Unum, which is very fine.

A bibliography of 161 items is an important contribution to American typographic history. The author does not claim finality for this list, especially between 1803 and 1810, but it is valuable as a trial bibliography, as he calls it. The author modestly claims for the book that it is a basis for further study of the printing and the printers of the period and place, and as such it will find a welcome place in any library of the history of printing, as well as furnishing some very interesting examples of unusual early printing in America. R.

Quarto Club Papers

IT seems almost ingenuous, in these days of emphasis on the commercial value of books, of the rapid-fire issue of signed copies, of book-clubs organized for business purposes, for such an organization as the Quarto Club to issue a collection of club papers devoted to literary matters and the more benign aspects of collecting! And where the trader in books leaves off, too often the dry-as-dust bibliographer takes up the tale—it almost shocks one, the urbanity of these papers, dealing with neither the money value of books, nor their interest to the bibliographer, nor again with their more detailed mechanical aspects! The list of essays included is too good to keep; here they are: "A Maker of Books," by Lois C. Levison, dealing with that outstanding genius, Dard Hunter; "Chartres to Washington. The Virgin and the Dynamo," by Solomon Lowenstein; "Some Reflections on Hardy," by Howard Sachs; "Contemporary Design," by Ely J. Kahn; "The Diversions of a Will Collector," by Mark G. Holstein; "Lifting a Bit of Lamb," by Ralph E. Samuel; "The Origin and Nature of the Literature of New England," by Edwin Goldwasser; "Alexander T. MacPherson," by Newman Levy.

The gentle and bookish (if that term is still in good standing) aspects of these essays has been admirably carried out in the printing, which has been done by Mr. Updike at the Merrymount Press. Nowhere else would one expect quite the same serenity of typography, the same clear, simple modesty of treatment—but what one has a right to expect and what one gets are too often far apart. The book is set in Oxford type, itself a gentle, almost a gentlemanly, type face. As befits the name of the club, the book is a quarto—the most urbane of shapes! There is a good title-page, harmonious initials (printed in sepia), and that happy selection of paper which is so much a part of Merrymound Press books. Ninety-nine numbered copies have been printed for the members of the Quarto Club, and happy is the non-member who can put a copy on his shelf. R.

David Garrick's copy of the second impressions of the Second Folio Shakespeare, of 1632, has been sold for £510.

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These lines are written early Thursday morning (*seven days in advance*) but for all practical purposes the week is already over . . .

In four days *The Art of Thinking* has already sold 3,398 copies, and *The Mansions of Philosophy*, *Wolf Solent*, *Believe It Or Not*, *Private Secretary* and sundry Cross Word Puzzle Books have all reached new highs by spectacular rallies.

Perhaps the clients of this column are weary of the big parade of sales statistics. (*Hear! Hear!*) . . . Well, so are your humble correspondents. Before these words are in type they will be on the 7:10 train for Racquette Lake, where a guide, philosopher and friend (three persons, not one) meet them for an expedition into the tall timber.

The only books that are going along are *Afoot In England* by W. H. HUDSON, *The Stoic Philosophy* by GILBERT MURRAY, *The Sonnets* of William Shakespeare, and a 5-cent edition of *The Dialogues of Plato* . . . Not a best-seller in a carload.

—ESSANDESS

Greece Today

By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS

HERE is a panoramic picture of present-day Hellas, emerging vigorous and re-vitalized after two decades of constant turmoil. Taking the viewpoint of the business geographer and economic historian, the author has delved into the past and present of such influential factors in Greek history as population, climate, topography, education, politics, race, and culture. His book is a vivid and engaging narrative of the Greek scene, appealing alike to the economist, the classical scholar, and the intelligent tourist. *To be published soon.*

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MEN AND MACHINES

By STUART CHASE

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SOMETIMES, sitting hemmed about by the clangor of New York, nostalgia seizes us, nostalgia for that world across the seas, so recently steeped in blood, still so agonizingly depleted, but preserving still its imperishable beauty of scene and heritage of art. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." What magic in the phrase, what magic in Italy. Ah, well, others are enjoying it (we are not sad, merely rhetorical). Young *H. W. Freeman*, author of "Joseph and His Brethren," which Henry Holt & Company published some months ago, is among the fortunate ones. He is living in Florence, making walking trips into the surrounding country. And *Leonard Bacon*, whose volume of poems Harpers is to bring out in October, is about to return to his villa outside the loveliest of cities whence, when the fever seizes him, he makes flying visits to the Pinturicchios in Siena. What a life, what a life is ours, following the wanderings of writers instead of engaging in similar ones. However, after them! . . .

Marie of Rumania (who is an author as well as a queen) is staying at the royal castle of Bled in Jugoslavia, spending several hours a day writing a novel. *John Drinkwater* has left his English home for a lecture tour in Spain; as to whether he also is living in a castle the record is silent. But then it doesn't make much difference, since castles in Spain are immaterial. *Mary Austin*, on the other hand, is at work on her autobiography in Santa Fe which she declares to be the best of all possible summer resorts. *Mary Roberts Rinehart*, whose "The Romantics" is to be published by Farrar & Rinehart, is staying at Eaton's Ranch in Wyoming, finishing a new mystery story. We could almost write one ourself if someone would send us to a ranch to do it. As it is, we can't stand thinking any longer about the vacations of other people. We'll have to make an end to this item before it makes an end of us. . . .

The Vanguard Press wants to know whether Hoosiers are simply more cautious than other Americans. It appears the Indianapolis Public Library has removed the dimes from its copies of "*John D.* A Portrait in Oils," which the Vanguard recently published for *John K. Winkler*. They are rather difficult to remove. We know, because we tried it. . . .

And *John O'London's Weekly* is inquiring whether people are still reading Scott. That we don't know; all we do know is that if they're not they should be. . . .

We are glad to see that the Viking Press is announcing for early September "Thirty Tales and Sketches," by *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*. Graham is one of those authors whom to read is to admire. He has knowledge, vim, and sympathy, and in addition a genuine gift of style. His books on Spain and Spanish-speaking lands across the seas are among the most vivid and veracious chronicles upon them, richly tapestried and animated like his fiction. He is an author who ought to be as widely known to the general public as he is favorably so to the critics. This new volume has been culled from his works by *Edward Garnett*. . . .

Another book that should find a ready welcome from the public is the reissue of *Oswald Garrison Villard's* "John Brown, 1800-1859; A Biography Fifty Years After." It's long been a standard work on its subject, and it's a life that is as interesting as it is scholarly. Doubleday, Doran are announcing it, with a ghastly picture of a man hanging by his neck till he is dead as a fillip to their publicity. We should have prefered to use *Stephen Vincent Benét's* "John Brown's Body" as a concomitant of the announcement. . . .

In October William Edwin Rudge is to issue a new series of books under the title The World's Masters Series. The first eight titles to be published will be *Gainsborough*, *Rubens*, *Dürer*, *Velasquez*, *El Greco*, *Cézanne*, *Daumier*, and *Goya*, so you see the range of the series is catholic. Each volume will contain twenty-four photogravure reproductions. You can get the books either in paper covers or in cloth covers with paper jackets, and they won't impoverish you either way. . . .

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith have announced that they have secured the right to publish a biography of *King George V* by *Sir George Arthur*, and that this biography is not the one which recent newspaper reports said have been officially banned by the authorities in England. Sir George Arthur is known in England as the biographer of *Lord Kitchener* and *Lord Wolsey*, and he was Kitchener's personal secretary when Kitchener was Secretary of State during the War. . . .

At last! *Colette*, whose name is as familiar to French readers as *Edith Wharton's* is to American, is about to make her début in English translation. A. & C. Boni is to issue her "Chéri" this week. This story of a gigolo and a woman of fifty is in its ninety-fifth edition in France, and has been widely approved by the critics as well as the general reader. . . .

John Buchan, who in addition to being a novelist, historian, and Member of Parliament, is an ardent fisherman, has dedicated his new romance, "Courts of the Morning," to his publisher, *Ferris Greenslet*. Mr. Greenslet, on one of the visits a year ago when he was talking to us about Houghton Mifflin books, took time off to tell us of a trip to Ireland during which he went fishing under what sounded to us like ideal circumstances. We don't know whether Mr. Buchan was along then or whether he was thrashing the waters of Scotland, so we can't tell whether he's including all parts of Britain in his generous tribute to America or only referring to portions of it. At any rate he assures Mr. Greenslet:

Your land, old friend, is one with mine,
Whate'er may hap from time or tide,
While, with St. Izaak the Divine,
We worship at the waterside. . . .

And that brings us to the startling news that you can't be sure that you're correct when you write the title of *Izaak Walton's* book "The Compleat Angler." A first edition copy in the British Museum has "compleat" on the main title-page, but the inner title-page has "complete," and so has every other page in the book across the top. What's more, the second edition drops the "a" even on the title-page, although the third restores it. Where does that leave you, and the 160 editions of the work that have been issued since it was written three hundred years ago? . . .

Well, perhaps instead of going to Italy, we'll make a trip to Clearfield, Pennsylvania. It should be the mecca of all publishers (not that we're a publisher), for there is a community of 10,000 souls book-loving enough to support a weekly literary page in its daily paper. If you think it's an amateurish page you better get a copy of a Thursday issue of the *Clearfield Progress*, turn to the columns edited by K. A. Hoffman, and find out for yourself how entirely mistaken you are. And we're not being laudatory just because the *Progress* was polite enough to refer to the *Saturday Review* in its column, "From Under an Eyeshade," and to quote with credit to it a certain note it had taken, without making any acknowledgment, from a foreign journal. We'll certainly have to keep Clearfield stored up in our memory against a sudden holiday. It's just the place for a balanced vacation, for besides being literary-minded it's off the main line of the railroad and wild deer may be seen on five minutes notice a mile or two from the town. . . .

But we stray from books. Dodd, Mead is to issue some time in October a life of *General Sherman* by *Captain B. H. Liddell Hart*. Captain Hart was the military correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* during the World War, and has published some striking sketches of the figures who played leading rôles in it. He characterizes Sherman as "unquestionably the military genius behind the Northern success," and his analysis ought to prove interesting. . . .

General Sherman reminds us that there is another Sherman biography to appear in the Fall, this time a life and letters of *Stuart Sherman*, by *Jacob Zeitlin* and *Homer Woodbridge*. It is to be published by Farrar & Rinehart, and if the portions of it we have read are indicative of the book as a whole, it is a work to be coveted. The letters it contains are of quite extraordinary excellence and interest, and reveal Stuart Sherman as not only the acute and illuminating critic whom the general public knew, but also as the stimulating friend and sportive commentator upon daily life whom his friends delighted in.

Au revoir.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE, WHAT HE MEANS TO YOU. By NATHAN KAUFMAN. Raymond Book Co. 1929.

Shakespeare has meant so much to Mr. Kaufman that he has felt moved to set down some impressions in order "to show how truly one's interest in Shakespeare's works may prove a real port and happy haven along the journey of an active, if otherwise prosaic, everyday business life."

There is no question that an enthusiasm for Shakespeare is an invaluable possession, and if anyone is led by Mr. Kaufman's testimony to acquire and cherish it for himself, then the testimony has been of good service. But to a Shakespearean already sealed of the tribe it is doubtful if Mr. Kaufman has much if anything of interest to say. His impressions are quite conventional, and his commentary neither critical nor penetrative.

A few exceptions might be made in the matter of interest. On Professor Irving Fisher's very good authority Mr. Kaufman puts the purchasing value of money in Shakespeare's time at twelve times the present, and quotes Sir Sidney Lee's estimate of Shakespeare's income in the latter part of his life at about £600 ($36,000) a year. The estimate is quite reasonably based on such evidence as there is. John Ward, vicar of Stratford a generation or two after, says that in his last years "he spent a thousand pounds ($60,000) a year, as I have heard." Another point of interest is the mention of "Book Titles from Shakespeare," by Volney Streamer, formerly librarian of the Players Club, which in the 1911 edition lists four hundred such titles. We do not know that book and should like to see it.

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY. By *H. W. Garrod*. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

THE FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOUISIANA. By *Ruby Van Allen Caulfield*. Columbia University Institute of French Studies.

CENTURY READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by *John W. Cunliffe, J. F. A. Pyre,* and *Karl Young*. Century. $4.

THE FRED NEWTON SCOTT ANNIVERSARY PAPERS. University of Chicago Press. $5.

THE THREE HALF-MOONS. By *F. W. Boreham*. Abigdon. $1.75.

THE IMPOTENCE OF MAN. By *Charles Richet*. Stratford. $2.

THE IRISH DRAMA. By *Andrew E. Malone*. Scribners. $4.

LAND MARKS. By *Lady Bell*. Liveright. $3.50.

CONTEMPORARY ATTITUDES. Selected and edited by *Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott,* and *Dana O. Jenson*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Biography

THE NOVELIST OF VERMONT: A Biographical and Critical Study of Daniel Pierce Thompson. By JOHN E. FLITCROFT. Harvard University Press. 1929.

Although none of D. P. Thompson's other novels approached the fifty editions of "The Green Mountain Boys," based on the Ethan Allen saga, the sequel, "The Rangers," was not unsuccessful, nor can the student of American literature afford to neglect "Locke Amsden," a forerunner of regional fiction such as "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Although untrained, Thompson was a natural story-teller. His historical characters are more human than most of Cooper's. He made timely use of romantic themes. And he had an honorable share, with Cooper, Irving, and Simms, in introducing the American scene into fiction.

"The Novelist of Vermont" is made up of a reminiscent introduction by Charles Miner Thompson, seventy-six pages of background and biography handicapped by "the almost total lack of documentary evidence," eighty-three pages of critical comment, "The Honest Lawyer" (a half-finished, never-before-printed novel), appendices, and a bibliography. Mr. Flitcroft has made a useful collection of most of the available evidence regarding this neglected novelist.

Fiction

THE FIFTH LATCHKEY. By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Palm prints, in lieu of finger prints, are the decisive clues which lead to the solution of this murder mystery. The dissolute son-in-law of a senator is slain with a dagger late at night, in the elder man's home near Washington, while the house is presumably unoccupied by any of its usual inmates except the victim's neurasthenic young wife. Intensely complicated secret relationships existing between the various principals involved are soon brought to light, only more deeply to obscure the main issues of the problem. The reader is not likely to fathom the murderer's identity, though, as is customary, that person is kept constantly in full view, and without trace of suspicion until dawn of the denouément. Despite its rapidity of action and an occasional fresh turn, we should not rate the story above the average competently-handled, moderately interesting thriller.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE. By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM. Louis Carrier. 1929. $2.50.

This novel is inept, confused, and often grotesquely unskilful. It is the work, apparently, of a Canadian author; the small city that is the background for the action is very much like Saint John, New Brunswick. Mr. Cunningham is trying to prove that love is mysterious, indefinable, and capricious. Well, so it is, by all accounts. The novel tells of a good woman and a bad woman and how one man was terribly bothered about what each one meant in his life. The mental and emotional disturbances suffered by this man appear to us inconclusive and very much of the "what of it?" school.

THE STOLEN MILLIONAIRE. By SELDEN TRUSS. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Subtle dirty work on the part of a blackmailing scoundrel who preys upon rich London women, the disappearance of his millionaire confederate, the sinister endeavors of the latter's Italian mistress to rescue her lover, and the redoubtable pursuit of these rogues by a pugnacious reporter, provide this mystery story with an unusual abundance of exciting incidents. The reporter, sworn to serve the millionaire's ill-used wife, is repeatedly captured by the Italian fury, but invariably escapes from her clutches and begins the fray anew. The author, who scored his initial hit earlier this year with "The Living Alibi," here follows up with a performance even more ingenious and spectacular.

Miscellaneous

THE GARDENER'S BED BOOK. By RICHARDSON WRIGHT. Lippincott. 1929. $2.50.

It is only a matter of time before some psychologist writes of the Gardener's Complex. Perhaps it has been done in a Ph.D. thesis, buried, never to emerge, in the stacks of a reference library. The symptoms of the complex, we shall be told, are "a Love of the Green Growing Things of Earth" (the sub-title of the book under consideration), a concern for weather conditions which at times becomes an obsession; a fearless handling of worms, bugs, and insects, and an irresistible tendency to write wise reflections in a garden diary. Good people, otherwise sane, have been victims of this mild mania, and have given to the world books that are classics of their kind. Bad people have written worse books, whose only excuse for being is the relief their publication must have afforded their authors. John Evelyn, the star "hortomaniac," produced a book of perpetual delight in the "Kalandarium Hortense"; "E. V. B." (the Hon. Mrs. Boyle) published an almost equally delightful garden diary in 1884 in "Days and Hours in a Garden." Richardson Wright, whose "Truly Rural" and "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America" have won him a reading public, has done the trick again and done it differently.

"The Gardener's Bed Book" is a collection of Short and Long Pieces; there is a "Short Piece" for each day of the month, and a "Long Piece" at the end of the month. These are little miscellaneous essays, some wise, some witty, and all revealing the tastes, purposes, and prejudices of the author. At the end of each "Piece" is a crisp reminder that the demands of a garden are inexorable. "Tomorrow, and ten days later, spray current bushes for the green worm that devastated them." . . . "Begin cutting out the old canes from the blackberries and burn them." As a Bed Book, this work lacks soothing qualities; if read after retiring, the congenital gardener would never sleep; read before rising, these sharp admonitions would drive the gardener to beat the early worm to his post. The book, nevertheless is entertaining, and makes an appropriate present for a fellow victim.

JOHN HENRY. By *Guy B. Johnson*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THE HAPPY PARTY BOOK. By *Ethel Owen*. Abingdon Press. $1.

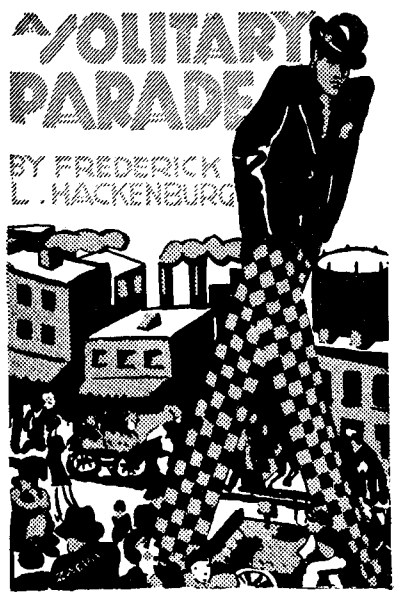
BIG GAME AND BIG LIFE. By *J. Morewood Dowsett*. Dutton. $7.

SOME ITALIAN SCENES AND FESTIVALS. By *Thomas Ashby*. Dutton. $2.50.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 67. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing humorless excerpt from a Ph.D. thesis on "The Allegorical Aspect of Cinderella." (Entries, which must be confined to 400 words including footnotes and quotations, should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of September 23.)



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By Frederick L. Hackenburg

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Edited by The Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho

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